

ARNASSIAN BAGATELLES:

BEING

A MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION

OF

POETICAL ATTEMPTS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

A COMIC SKETCH IN ONE ACT,

CALLED

THE WAY TO GET UN-MARRIED,

*As performing with universal Applause at the Theatre-Royal,
Covent-Garden.*

AND THE

VILLAGE DOCTOR,

OR

KILLING NO CURE;

A FAVOURITE BURLETTA,

Exhibited at Jones's Royal-Circus, St. George's Fields.

By J. C. CROSS,

AUTHOR OF THE DIVENTISEMENT, PURSE OR BENEVOLENT TAN, BRITISH
FORTITUDE, THE APPARITION, POINT AT HERQUI, &c.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY BURTON AND CO. NO. 11, GATE-STREET,
LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS;

PUBLISHED BY BELLAMY, KING-STREET, COVENT-GARDEN.

1796.

PAINTING BY J. M. W. TURNER

1845

THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

1845

THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

1845

THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

1845

THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON

PA

AUT
BR

PARNASSIAN BAGATELLES:

BEING A MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION OF

POETICAL ATTEMPTS, &c.

By J. C. CROSS.

AUTHOR OF THE DIVERTISEMENT, PURSE OR BENEVOLENT TAR,
BRITISH FORTITUDE, THE APPARITION, POINT AT HERQUI, &c.

PARNASSIAN BAGATILLES

Entered at Stationer's Hall,

TOFFICAD ATTENTIO

W. J. C. CROSS

PRINTED BY THE UNIVERSITY PRESS OF CAMBRIDGE



ERRATA.

P. 8, last line but 2, for

And hail'd the soft nightingale's song,

read

And hail'd *me the* nightingale's song.

P. 27, first line,

For boy to glad the jocund scene,

read

Boy to *gild* the *glittering* scene.

P. 53, last line but 3, omit the *I* before comfort.

P. 90, line 13, for *repair* read *retire*.

P. 102, line 10, for *minions* read *minion's*.

P. 103, 1st line, 2d verse, for *charm* read *charms*.

ATLAS



TO
THOMAS HARRIS, Esq.
PATENTEE OF THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

SIR,

THE Widow's Mite has ever been esteemed a type of Charity; may not the Poet's trivial Offering then (if I am worthy that appellation) be accounted a mark of gratitude and respect? As such the following Bagatelles are humbly inscribed to you

BY YOUR VERY HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE AUTHOR.

*Martlet-Court,
Bow-Street,
April 20, 1796.*

THOMAS HARRIS, Esq.

THOMAS HARRIS, Esq.

THOMAS HARRIS, Esq.

The within is a true and correct copy of the

report of the Committee on the subject of the

proposed amendments to the Constitution of the

State of New York, as passed by the Senate and

Assembly of the State of New York, in the year

1844.

Attest, this 1st day of January, 1844.

THOMAS HARRIS, Esq.

THOMAS HARRIS, Esq.

THOMAS HARRIS, Esq.

PARNASSIAN BAGATELLES,
&c.

THE HAPPY COTTAGER;

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

AWAY from the town, from its tumult and strife,
Serenely to dwell be my lot;
And in rural content, all the days of my life,
Let me happily pass in yon Cot!

O'ershadow'd by trees, see it stands in the vale;
View the path I so constantly tread;
From its top see the smoke wafted on by the gale,
Through branches that play round its head.

The serpentine stream, glitt'ring, runs through my farm,
Rich crops ruddy Industry yields;
My Cows in yon shed are from weather kept warm,
Or nip the young bud of the fields.

On yon silver current, the smart Angler's pride,
Oft oar-footed birds do resort;
And buoyantly over its bright surface glide,
Or wantonly dive in gay sport.

There the crimson-scal'd Trout, cautious, tim'rous, and shy,
 Is allur'd by the barb-hiding bait;
 The Gudgeon too eagerly snaps at the fly,
 Or the Pike prowls on slowly in state!

Dame Partlet next view, clucking loud to her brood,
 And collecting them round her with care;
 See how busy when Anna distributes them food,
 To give each descendant a share.

See Chanticleer strut, the Grand Turk of the barn,
 His Sultanas he wantonly eyes:
 To the fairest donates his pick'd present of corn,
 While Jealousy cackles and cries.

Sleek and sturdy, stout Dobbin trots proud o'er the lawn;
 Or, exulting, the green sward he paws,
 While with new shining colours my Car I adorn,
 Which frequent to market he draws.

The Swine's bristly back is just hid in clean straw,
 My Pigeons no dove-cote can match;
 And the impudent Sparrow, whom shot cannot awe,
 Picks and chirrups away in my thatch.

My Garden, I've plann'd (tho' before 'tis but small),
 To provide me with what I most need;
 And tho' downy peaches oft' blush on its wall,
 Yet 'tis planted with true homely feed.

The Bean's scented blossom, the full podded Pea,
Mealy roots from Hibernia's shore;
The rough-rinded Russeting weighs down its tree;
And of verdurous plants I've a store:

Yet flowers are not banish'd—there blossoms the Rose,
And there azure Violets dwell;
There lives the pert Daisey, the Lily there blows,
And Bees hide in Daffodil's cell.

Round their hives in loud buzzing they hum out their song,
Or flow'rets of sweetness bereave;
While the provident Ant tugs provision along,
To deposit it safe in her cave.

Would you view my snug rooms—why the furniture's plain;
My dogs, where you enter, preside;
My servants are few, but to wrong me disdain,
For their honesty oft' has been tried!

The mansion which grandeur has rear'd with such cost,
From the Architect's proudest design,
If its walls you'd explore will perchance never boast
Happy tenants so grateful as mine!

The playful young kitten oft' purrs on my knee,
Shock in gambols to please me will try;
While, perch'd on my chair, with my luncheon makes free
The larcenous, chattering Pye.

Surly Bailiff can never my cottage assail,
 Nor o'erbearing Landlord molest;
 For the freehold's my own; nor can creditors rail,
 So, with heart quite at ease am I blest.

My ale I've just tapp'd, of its briskness I'll boast,
 'Twas brew'd for my neighbours to taste;
 We'll merrily quaff it, while this is our toast,
 " May, as long as old Time, Freedom last."

Fortune's self, let her brag, can't my pleasures amend,
 No grandeur my envy can move;
 For, to add to the blessing, I boast a *true* Friend,
 And a Nymph that I tenderly love.

ABSENCE;

A PASTORAL BALLAD.

THE Bard whose bold Idea's built on fame,
 In sounding numbers oft' sublimely sings
 The magic terror of an Hero's name,
 The fall of Nations, and the death of Kings.

The varied, strange vicissitudes of Fate,
 Which hurl some tyrant down Destruction's glen;
 Or raise the youth who propp'd a falling state;
 Or lash the vice of impious powerful men.

While

While I, but courting meek •y'd Ann's esteem,
 And unambitious of renown or praise,
 Make Absence from my Love the pensive theme,
 And murmur'ing 'plaints the burthen of my Lays,

Of't where yon limpid streams meand'ring run,
 And the sad willow droops her weeping head,
 Pleas'd we repair'd, while the resplendent sun
 Darted a lustre on the dewy mead;

There (where the songsters stretch their little throats,
 And warble love, twittering on every spray;
 As we have listen'd to their artless notes),
 How have I gaz'd, and sigh'd, my soul away!

And oft' when playful Zephyr drew aside
 In wanton sport the 'kerchief of my fair,
 And slyly stole a kiss to me deny'd,
 A kiss of rapture, which I could not share;

How have I envy'd the supreme delight,
 While burning blushes glow'd upon her cheek;
 As she again veil'd Heaven from my sight,
 And bade my prying eyes no further seek.

Yet an affected coyness she disdain'd;
 Joy's modest chalice did I often sip:
 Oft' have I more than ecstasy obtain'd
 By pressing to my own her coral lip.

Of't

Oft' at the frugal board my rustic fair
 Has smil'd convivial, and each moment pass'd
 Serene and placid—over-anxious Care
 Ne'er enter'd to disturb the homely feast.

Oft' as we nut-brown fluid did inhale,
 Which stole its brightness from her hazle eye;
 I've fondly listen'd to the sportive tale,
 Which Mirth with ample Humour did supply.

Or when the faggot crackled on the hearth,
 And chilly Winter made the evenings long;
 To her I've read the deeds of rustic worth,
 Or sat attentive to *her* cheerful song.

Friendship inhabited my little shed;
 Content and approbation there were found:
 The fleeting hours on joy's soft pinions sped,
 And love and fond affection smil'd around.

But now no more her dulcet vespers cheer,
 Or Winter evenings Summer's joys impart:
 My Anna's absent! no—she still reigns here,
 Her image still is graven on my heart.

Zephyr too's fled (ah! pr'ythee do not grant
 To others view, what Anchorets might fire);
 The feather'd choir their matins faintly chant,
 And pallid Absence sickens with desire.

No more with pleasure my repast's enjoy'd;
 No more my cottage with content is bless'd:
 Each culinary comfort is destroy'd,
 By the griev'd absence of a wish'd-for guest.

No more the sparkling glass affords delight,
 Its spirit's vapid, and its brightness fades;
 Nor merry tale, nor joke, can smiles excite;
 For Melancholy drear the scene pervades:

Yet Hope's sweet presage darts a ray of joy,
 Informs my soul its sorrow's nearly o'er;
 That happiness awaits without alloy,
 For soon we meet, 'till death, to part no more.

JESSY; or, THE DISAPPOINTMENT;
 AN ELEGIAC BALLAD.

IN vain I the Muses address,
 My pangs they can never declare;
 The Pen must be dipp'd in distress,
 That transcribes the sad Tale of Despair.

From the lucid illusions of bliss,
 Where the Hours sweetly sped in delight;
 I've fell to the lowest Abyss,
 And sunk into darkness and Night.

How

How light was my bosom that morn,
 When gaily I tripp'd through the Grove,
 On the wings of Affection was borne,
 Jocund speeding to gaze on my Love.

A thousand fond thoughts fill'd my breast,
 The pleasant reception he'd give :
 For, oh ! he had fondly confess'd,
 " In my presence alone could he live ! "

The kiss which he gave, when, by Heav'n,
 From a Form so much lov'd I was torn,
 I panted as pure as 'twas given
 Untainted again to return.

To the Earth Sol had now bade adieu,
 In dew-drops the sky shed a tear,
 When the Cottage appear'd feint in view,
 Which contain'd all my Bosom held dear.

Soon the seat where we woo'd charm'd my eye,
 Where so oft' I have toy'd on his knee,
 Where the vine curl'd, each vine did outvie,
 Belov'd because planted by me.

Its leaves, quiv'ring, mimick'd my fear,
 And hail'd the soft Nightingale's song ;
 'Twas sweet—but it died on my ear,
 When the music I heard of his tongue.

Ah, me! with what rapturous glow
 I flew the dear Youth to enfold;
 But unkindly his doors open'd slow,
 And, oh! my reception was cold!

His embraces but faintly express'd
 The Love I expected to meet;
 I was chill'd, he so coldly caress'd;
 E'en his smiles were the smiles of Deceit.

But why of his cruelty speak?
 Ah! why of his coldness complain?
 My form, my endowments are weak,
 And he is the Pride of the Plain.

Suspicion, that bane to the mind,
 Panted eager his falsehood to prove;
 Every action I construed unkind,
 And harsh the feign'd language of Love.

My presence he strove to avoid,
 Appearance seem'd scarce worth his care;
 Our contract of Love he destroy'd,
 To renew with some happier fair.

Rack'd thus, the dull hours bade me droop,
 Hours creeping on pinions of lead;
 When the news came to kill every hope—
 From his Jeffy the false one had fled.

Ere the story my ears did assail,
 Kind Jove should have robb'd me of breath,
 Or the wretch who proclaim'd the sad tale,
 Have brought too the summons of Death.

THE ORPHAN BOY*.

PATHETIC NARRATIVE.

THE tempest subfided at morn's kind approach,
 The winds their hoarse ravings gave o'er;
 When trembling a Ship-boy did anxiously touch
 The latch of yon Cottager's door.

His cold, benumb'd fingers their office deny'd—
 Thrice he tapp'd 'gainst the door—then, with fear
 Retreated some paces, and cautiously ey'd,
 Least watchful some Mastiff was near.

'Twas heard from the cot, and its Inmates soon crowd
 The Stranger's mishap to enquire;
 For to aid the Distress'd were those cottagers proud,
 Philanthropy's self was their Sire.

* The Idea of this little Tale was taken from Mr. Bigg's beautiful Print
 of the Shipwreck'd Boy at the Cottage door.

The avenu'd dome, rais'd by labour and cost,
Sometimes may view Virtue its guest,
But her constant attendance their cottage could boast,
Tho' oft' by rude Power oppress'd.

They ask'd him his griefs—choak'd with tears, he reply'd,
"I was shipwreck'd not far from this vale:"
And as soon his heart-breaking sobs could subside,
He proceeded to tell his sad tale.

"Distress goads me fore, what more urgent can plead
"To arrest your attention and care,
"For Pity, kind Heaven, I know, has decreed,
"To reside in the breast of the fair."

The Sire of the Maids now approach'd from his shed,
He was struck with the Boy's artless prate,
Whom quick to'ards the crackling faggots he led,
Then begg'd him his story dilate.

HIS STORY.

"To mention my Parents but calls forth a sigh,
"To make my recital more sad,
"In the grave's narrow confines they mouldering lie,
"I, alas! am a poor Orphan Lad.

" The sweet kiss maternal, ah me ! I ne'er knew,

" Kind endearments harsh Fortune deny'd,

" For scarce in the world respiration I drew,

" Ere in anguish my mother—she died !

" My father so lov'd her (I've oft' heard it said)

" In his breast let Despair baneful creep,

" And pensively slow through the thicket he stray'd,

" To hide that despair, and to weep.

" Health fled from his visage, 'twas ghastly and wan,

" He could not endure the dire stroke ;

" In the *Husband* was centred the *Soul* of the *Man*,

" And his heart keen reflection had broke.

" A Relative promis'd my Dad, e'er he died,

" Ere he fled to the realms of the blest,

" For me his poor offspring he'd amply provide :

" Ah ! his promises were but a jest.

" A luckless young urchin, my infantine years —

" Were embitter'd by many a curse,

" The crumbs that I swallow'd were moisten'd with tears,

" And Harshness, sour hag ! was my nurse.

" How oft' did I rue the sad hour I was born,

" Sure Slaves were less wretched than I !

" So I thought, soon as sense in my bosom 'gan dawn,

" Away from my tyrant I'd fly.

" I re-

" I remember the day, on an errand I'd been,

" I as rapidly sped as I could;

" But the passionate monster, indulging his spleen,

" My limbs crimson'd over with blood.

" 'Twas nearly the eve ere I quitted his farm,

" I knew not which path I should tread,

" No guide to direct, friend to screen me from harm,

" Or money to purchase me bread.

" Yet onward I trudg'd, nor of hunger opin'd,

" Like a captive who freedom has gain'd;

" Each step from my prison I took cheer'd my mind,

" Tho' pebbles my feet sorely pain'd.

" Some berries I pluck'd, sipp'd the crystalline stream,

" Yet e'en as I pluck'd 'em I flew;

" For I dreaded the fiend of my absence might dream,

" And his poor trembling victim pursue.

" Soon darkness, that bugbear to cowardly minds,

" In its sable attire frightful came,

" And on the bleak moor whirl'd in eddies rude winds,

" And fleet fell to chill my weak frame.

" Fatigu'd, almost spent, I crawl'd on in sad plight,

" Thought my heart, like my parent's, would break,

" When I spy'd at small distance a glimmering light,

" Heard the Ale-house sign chearily creak.

" I enter'd the precinct that boasted the ray,

" Told my poor simple story in brief;

" Cold and hungry I'd wander'd miles out of my way,

" And begg'd they'd not frown on my grief.

" Don't droop," cry'd a Seaman, who poiz'd the full bowl,

" Whom his messmates all seem'd to admire,

" For the sea-faring stave did he merrily troll,

" As I ventur'd anear the turf fire.

" Don't droop, little Wanderer, give me thy hand,

" Here, Landlady, dry rigging bring,

" Why, lad, thou'rt aground—come obey my command,

" Quaff a noggin to us and the King.

" Come bestir thee, old dame—Boy, I'll take thee in tow:

" Hast thou friends?—thou shalt soon to 'em steer:"

" In faltering accents I answer'd him—No—

" If I've friends, they're the friends who are here.

" While to dry my coarse tatters the tapster took care,

" And the goblet was drain'd by the crew,

" I whisper'd the Seaman, who spoke me so fair,

" The tale I've related to you.

" He bitterly swore at the treatment I met,

" Said, landsmen were false as the wind;

" Hop'd no shot in his locker the monster might get,

" Who an orphan could treat so unkind.

" As

" As for him, while with life and with health he was blest,

" And fortune rewarded his toil,

" He'd give up his all to relieve the distressed,

" And be more than repaid with their smile.

" Nay, Stripling, don't weep (for so kindly he spoke,

" That gratitude started a tear),

" The frowns of Dame Fortune to Tars are a joke,

" And weathercock-like she may veer!

" For Hope is our anchor, Content swells the sail,

" Life's rudder's by Fortitude held;

" So, Youngster, with me thou shalt weather the gale,

" And try what new climates will yield.

" I press'd his hard hand (which oft' yielded a boon)

" With affectionate joy to my lip,

" And away, when 'twas fair, by the light of the Moon,

" We hied hand in hand to'ards the ship.

" The broad nautic joke as we journey'd along,

" And whim and loud laughter went round;

" Eke the mirth-making story, the pun, and the song,

" With Seamen mirth's seldom aground.

" We arrived at the port: with my shipmates to ride

" O'er the billows, I heard the command:

" A Mariner, Sir, pray excuse a Boy's pride,

" Is the glory and boast of this Land.

"I cou'd

" I cou'd not (tho' home had no comfort for me),

" When the signal I heard to unmoor,

" And all hands were pip'd, and our bark under weigh,

" But cast a last look to'ards the shore.

" My friend too seem'd dull ; for the cause I apply'd,

" Are you griev'd thus at quitting this coast ?"

" *Sweet Anna, farewell !*" was the sentence he sigh'd,

" Dropt a tear and then sped to his post.

" Swift as lightning, where duty directed we flew,

" Or the anchor to tear from its bed,

" Or the sails to unfurl, for a gale briskly blew

" Would swell all the canvas we spread.

" Heav'n smil'd on our voyage ; the bright god of day

" To bespangle the waves took delight ;

" His orb oft' emitted a heart-cheering ray,

" And Luna her watch kept by night.

" At the sea's wide expanse quite astonish'd I gaz'd ;

" No more were the cliffs then in view ;

" With the rudder's command I was struck, and amaz'd

" When the needle's attraction I knew.

" To the friend introduc'd me attention I paid,

" Nautic knowledge he wish'd to infuse ;

" And the power of the Quadrant and Compass display'd,

" And inform'd me their wonderful use.

" Equator

- " Equator we cross'd, my young ship-mates all smil'd
" At the mischief they'd cunningly brew'd;
" To the side of the vessel they wily beguil'd,
" And immerg'd me, half drown'd, in the flood.
- " Th' Venetian Doge weds the Sea with parade,
" I her kifs did unwillingly court;
" At my plight Laughter shook, it was Custom, they said,
" Impell'd 'em, thus drench me in sport.
- " Our pastimes were varied; our sports full of whim,
" How jocound and happy we'd be!
" When our bark briskly glided, so neatly and trim,
" And we dash'd fleet as thought through the Sea.
- " But the pastime most apt to the mariner's mind,
" That furnish'd his hour with delight,
" Was toasting the fair-one he'd far left behind,
" Round the bowl slung on Saturday night.
- " Kind William, that generous patron to me,
" With a sigh then would mention his Anne;
" To Love sure no bosom a stranger can be,
" Who the feelings can boast of a man.
- " Fair Anne! the smart maiden that dwelt near the beach,
" With features so comely and gay,
" That not to admire would the Graces impeach,
" Was the burthen and pride of his lay.

" Fair Anna! whose orbits than stars are more bright,
" In whose lips crimson coral prevails;
" Whose teeth than the elephant's tusk are more white,
" And her breath sweet Arabia's gales.

" Oft' when treading the meadow her William would ween,
" To have whisk'd with his kerchief to death
" The amorous bee, who was wantonly seen
" The honey to steal from her breath.

" None chaunted so sweetly a sonnet of love,
" Or ey'd with so piercing a glance;
" No foot the blyth hornpipe so featly could move,
" Or join in the spirited dance.

" A lass neater clad never tripp'd o'er the green,
" She Cleanliness' self did outvie;
" Drifted snow's spotless white in her apron was seen,
" And her kerchief was India's dye.

" Her bonnet of straw, with gay ribbons she grac'd,
" In ringlets flows sportive her hair;
" On her instep the smart silver buckle is plac'd,
" And her hose as her bosom is fair.

" In a flow'r-sprinkled cotton, the choice of her love,
" Which she with *true blue* gaily bound;
" Arm in arm with him oft' she so lightly would move,
" Her feet seem'd to scarce kiss the ground.

" He

" Her health would he quaff, in her praises he'd sing,
" His voice as the Nightingale clear;
" With the name of his las would the fore-castle ring,
" And to listen e'en Mermaids draw near,

" Thus journey'd old Time 'till our port we beheld
" Rearing proudly its turrets on high,
" And pleas'd with its burthen the tide gently swell'd,
" To lay us those turrets anigh ;

" To describe foreign cities I boast not the skill,
" Or depict ye wide distant domains ;
" For homeward bound fancy each thought wasted still
" To re-picture my own native plains.

" Our goods safely landed and sold on the mart,
" Provisions on board us were borne ;
" To barter our merchandize, all were alert,
" Tow'rds Albion again to return.

" I hugg'd the glad thought, for it promis'd me fair ;
" A thought, alas ! wing'd with deceit ;
" I should see lovely Anna, my guardian's care,
" When the isle gave me birth we should greet.

" Methought when the long-boat was rowing to land,
" To the summit of bliss I should soar,
" Beholding his Anna prepar'd on the strand,
" To welcome her lover on shore.

- “ Hope pictur’d the scene, ’twas a prospect of bliss,
“ Of bliss, which the virtuous taste,
“ When constancy breathes a mellifluous kiss,
“ And love by affection’s embrac’d.
- “ Our canvas was fill’d, and again spread our sail,
“ With the tide Eurus kindly arose ;
“ And sprang up to waft us a prosperous gale,
“ Which wak’d the lull’d main from repose.
- “ Right pleasant we scudded, the land was in view
“ Which we anxiously wished to anear ;
“ Ere the tempest arose and the winds fiercely blew,
“ Which transformed our bright hopes to despair ;
- “ So sudden the gust, it struck all with dismay,
“ ’Twas in vain the big billows to brave ;
“ They foam’d and ingulphing us each rising sea,
“ For our bark seem’d preparing a grave.
- “ Thro’ the shrouds and rent tackling whistled the storm,
“ Then hoarser and hoarser it roar’d :
“ Our brave gallant vessel the surge did deform,
“ And swept every mast by the board !
- “ The fork’d lightning flash’d, thunder threaten’d around,
“ The seaman to hurl from his post ;
“ And to kill all endeavour was heard the dread sound,
“ Have mercy, she sinks, all is lost !

“ Scarce

" Scarce pronounc'd the shrill cry, ere to pieces she flew,
" O'er her wreck, waves tempestuous roll;
" Had you heard but the shrieks of the sea-beaten crew,
" 'T would have harrow'd, with pity, your soul.

" Remembrance almoft me of reason bereaves,
" My measure of grief was complete;
" I faw my lov'd friend swallow'd up by the waves,
" And my fhip-mates all fhare his hard fate.

" I escap'd from the wreck, it was Providence' will
" My current of life ftill fhould flow;
" But the gulf of misfortune will ruffle it ftill,
" And I'm loft in a whirlwind of woe.

" Ah! he's gone," cry'd the fhip-boy, " my friend is no more,
" And here my fad hiftory ends;
" Again I'am an out-caft on Albion's fhore,
" A poor orphan boy, without friends."

" No, no," cry'd the fire, " who had wept at his tale, Y
" Paid the tribute of many a figh;
" Thy moans fhall no longer refound thro' the vale, HA
" I the lofs of thy friend will fupply.

" Let the meanefs attends on oppreffion and power, W
" The grief of the fuppliant difdain;
" And Harfhnefs bolt mild Generofity's door, I
" When Poverty's offspring complain.

" The

' The unfeeling bosom, oh Grandeur ! be thine ;
" That hour let this valley ne'er see ;
" When Pride and gaunt Avarice meanly combine,
" To blight Hospitality's tree."

As he utter'd this sentence, a voice struck his ear,
Sad and plaintively founded the moan ;
And pallid and wan a wild phantom drew near,
Who wept, and exclaim'd, "*He is gone !*"

Rent and frantic her garb, full of sorrow her mein,
Her hands in keen anguish she wrung ;
" Ah ! where is my William ? have none of ye seen ?"
And then thus she mournfully sung.

ANNA'S DITTY.

YOU ask, why I thus droop my head ?
Why pensive and sad I deplore ?
All joy from poor Anna is fled,
My William, alas ! is no more.
These eyes dim and mournful appear,
Which from his all their lustre could borrow ;
I must pause o'er my tale—drop a tear,
For, alas ! 'tis a Story of Sorrow.

I stood

I stood on the beach, while in view
 The bark tofs'd, that brought him from far ;
 The rain beat, the winds shrilly blew,
 The elements all seem'd at war :
 Ah me ! (the dire thought bids me weep),
 Consolation, ah ! where shall I borrow !
 He immerg'd in the watery deep,
 To fill these sad orbits with sorrow.

Distracted ! but prayers could I give ;
 While he dash'd the big billows aside,
 For me 'twas he strove to survive,
 But, worn out, he sunk breathless—and died.
 Depriv'd of my Love I complain ;
 I his Bride should have been on the morrow ;
 But I'll plunge in the unfated main,
 And cure a heart bursting with sorrow.

Thus ended the strain, and she rush'd tow'rd's the spot
 Where her William, her lover, was lost ;
 Where Hope was expung'd by Misfortune's dire blot,
 And all her fond wishes were cross'd.

" Ah me ! there he glides ! 'tis his footsteps I hear !
 " See proudly he stalks o'er the lea !
 " These eyes can't deceive—he approaches me near—
 " 'Tis the shade of my William I see !"

And now stilly silence did awful prevail,
Coward Fear in each bosom was couch'd !
Aghast look'd the maidens, the ship-boy grew pale,
As the much-belov'd spectre approach'd.

Still nearer and nearer advancing it drew ;
Each step the scar'd ship-boy alarms :
“ My Anne,” cry'd the Stranger, “ My Anne ! is it you ? ”
She hear'd him, and swoon'd in his arms.

“ 'Tis William that speaks—lovely Anna, revive !
“ 'Tis William, his friends thought no more ;
“ But in pity to thee, whom kind Heaven *bade live*.
“ Blest Providence brought me to shore.

“ The wave that seem'd fatal to me prov'd a friend,
“ (Omnipotence let none deride) ;
“ For where pond'rous rocks the rough ocean propend,
“ A chasm safe shelter supply'd.

“ My Anna, look up—” She her eyes fix'd on his,
To restore her to reason he strove :
“ 'Tis thy William that speaks,” breath'd a lover's fond kifs,
And wak'd her to reason and love.

“ On the rock long I shiver'd, the surge roar'd around,
“ 'Till morn came in calmness array'd ;
“ When a boat from the beach nearly famishing found,
“ Reliev'd me, and hither I stray'd.

“ The

The ship-boy embrac'd his kind patron, with tears;
His bosom with joy fully fraught;
The cottager fire (his head silver'd with years)
Begg'd them enter his warm little cot.

Exclaim'd, "The dark prospect of Death now is o'er,
"Sorrow's clouds, clad in fables, are past;
"Then e'en lets reflect on misfortunes no more;
"But the chalice of happiness taste.

"Return thanks to Heaven, that first gave us breath,
"And so amply has made *you* its care;
"Think in every trial, 'mid danger and Death,
"*The Virtuous should never despair.*"

THE LARK:

A SONNET.

'T WAS Autumn, the lark to his mate his fond tale
Warbled sweet in the thyme-scented grove,
While thro' quivering leaves in sweet cadence the gale
A symphony whistled to love:

Their bills often met, of their truth each dar'd vouch,
And Philomel breath'd am'rous vows;
When globules of lead flew at man's baneful touch,
And the feather'd fair robb'd of her spouse.

E

M'

My Phillis, whom chance brought to view the dire scene,
 Saw the poor little trifler depart;
 Heav'd a sigh—with its sad widow'd mate did complain,
 Grief alike sat enthron'd in each heart:

Her charms, which no pencil could picture before,
 To my view now more lovely appear;
 For the bright orb of beauty e'en faints must adore,
 When *impearl'd* by *Humanity's* tear.

ANACREONTIC.

CROWN me, Bacchus, with thy Vine,
 Myrtle with the Grape entwine,
 Let Roses 'twixt the foliage blow,
 To decorate Anacreon's brow;
 Let me drain the Goblet dry,
 Till it sparkle in mine eye;
 If its purple hue you'd trace,
 View it glowing in my face.

Cupid, let thy bow be strung,
 Still Anacreon's gay and young;
 Still the eye-lid barbed dart
 Wings its errand to his heart;
 Still his soft his melting soul
 Cheerful yields to Love's controul:

Boy,

Boy, to glad the jocund scene,
 Bring me Beauty's dazzling Queen,
 Beauty, whose all conqu'ring charm
 Can Apathy's chill bosom warm.

Let, in tuneful amorous strain,
 Mirth and Music fill the train;
 Breathe in lively sportive lay,
 That Anacreon's ever gay:
 Let Bacchus' praises swell the song,
 "Ever gay and ever young:"
 Let combin'd such joys unite,
 To give Anacreon true delight:
 Let him taste exalted bliss,
 The melting touch, the humid kiss,
 The rapt'rous beam from beauty's eye,
 The wily nod, the wishing sigh,
 The panting bosom (shall confess
 More than volumes can express):
 Oh! let no care-born wretch destroy
 This wild delirium of joy!
 Pleas'd, I bend to Beauty's shrine,
 The *luxury* of love be mine;
 Care and her canker'd crew retreat,
 At distance let the mongrels wait;
 Thee, grim tyrant, I defy,
 Old Anacreon ne'er will die:
 His hours on sportive pinions move,
 One gay continued round of love.

THE LITTLE BLIND BEGGAR BOY:

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

NEAR the jaws of a prison, in whose dismal gloom
Disease sat by Penury's side,
And the culprit with terror broods over his doom,
A child of distress sadly sigh'd:
Adown his wan cheeks slowly trickled a tear,
Bereft was his bosom of joy,
And, "Alas! I am driven almost to despair!"
Cry'd the poor little blind Beggar Boy.

"My Father, whose labour provided each meal,

"And to poverty oft' gave relief,

"In yon cell is confin'd by hearts harder than steel,

"And my Mother's the victim of grief:

"My infant companions, who late were my guides,

"No longer endearments employ,

"And the misery, light-hearted Pleasure derides

"Of the poor little blind Beggar Boy.

"The debt, which, alas! a false friend caus'd him owe,

"Robb'd my parent of liberty's sweets;

"Each moment he breathes is embitter'd by woe,

"For nought but unkindness he meets:

"Each slender refreshment's from Charity's store,

"Or famine his span would destroy;

"And, alas! that kind hand which reliev'd *is no more!*"

Cry'd the poor little blind Beggar Boy.

Thus

Thus mournful he pleaded, when, sudden as thought,
 This news near depriv'd him of breath,
 "That his Sire was a corse—his worn spirit had fought
 "For peace in the bosom of death."
 He rush'd (for affection each sense did inspire)
 To his cell, every means to employ
 To revive him, and, clasp'd in the arms of his fire,
 Died the poor little blind Beggar Boy.

THE DEATH OF LE FEVRE:

A BALLAD.

(FROM STERNE.)

THROUGH night's sable veil shone the bright beams
 of day,

And matins were warbled on each waving spray;
 When pale with disease, almost gasping for breath,
 The woe-worn Le Fevre prepar'd to meet death.

Attention was seiz'd by Philanthropy's moan,
 And a Cherub's sigh stole from the breast of his son;
 "I faint!"—cries the Sire, while urbanity's eye
 Brighten'd up, as he swore—"By God, he shan't die!"

(The oath which to Heaven's high chancery fled,
 By a tear from the orb of an Angel was hid;
 Or expir'd, left the hope it had faintly in view,
 The death of Le Fevre should prove was untrue.)

Nature

Nature seem'd now exhausted—with fever he burns—
 The film quits his eye—then again quick returns,
 His pulse slowly beats—the death-watch ticks his knell;
 He gaz'd on his Boy, and then sigh'd out—Farewell.

Ye swains who adore Sensibility's shrine;
 Round his tomb the fair chaplet of Pity entwine;
 Yet let not his relict of aid be bereft,
 But nourish the *Blossom* that *Virtue* has left.

THE POOR MARINER :

(A BALLAD.)

THE wind whistled shrilly, chill rain down was streaming
 From a dank cell where Phœbus ne'er darted a beam in;
 Worn out with great age, press'd with hunger and grief,
 A sad son of Neptune crawl'd forth for relief!

“ Give relief, oh ! give relief !

“ Oh give relief to a poor Mariner !”

He tremblingly begg'd as the affluent pass'd him,
 “ The poor mite benevolent Charity'd cast him !”
 While from his dim eyes, hid by darkness' thick veil,
 The big tear gush'd forth while he told his sad tale.

“ Give relief, oh ! give relief !

“ Oh give relief to a poor Mariner !

“ When

"When Hawke and Boscawen rode Lords of the Ocean,
"The foes of my King have felt this arm's motion:
"This *hand* grasp'd a sword, *dealt death to Gaul's resistance*,
"Tho' now, feebly, thus *extended* for assistance.

"Give relief, oh! give relief!

"Oh give relief to a poor Mariner!

"These *eyes* oft' have seen the proud foe sink before me,

"Have sparkled with joy at the signal of glory;

"Have seen Britain's flag to conquest aspire—

"Tho'—now, lost in darkness, for want I expire.

"Give relief, oh! give relief!

"Oh give relief to a poor Mariner!

"My life's been expos'd in defence of our laws,

"I've bled at each vein to support Freedom's cause:

"The billows of danger have stemm'd without dread,

"But faintly I struggle, *now, beg for my bread*.—

"Give relief, oh! give relief!

"Oh give relief to a poor Mariner!

"Assist me!"—he said, the words quivering hung,

In accents most piteous on the veteran's tongue;

When the grim King of Terrors his sufferings regarded,

And snatch'd him from hence to where Virtue's rewarded.

Death gave relief—'twas Death gave relief—

Death gave relief to the poor Mariner.

WOUNDED

WOUNDED FRIENDSHIP:
A PATHETIC BALLAD.

I Of feeling won't boast—I've no more than my share,
Yet humanity bleeds when a friend is distress'd,
Who in sorrow's sad moment made Friendship his care,
And bade the bright sunshine of Hope cheer my breast:
When law's iron hand on by cruelty led,
In a darksome abode me disgracefully penn'd,
A school-mate, whom pity inspir'd, thither stray'd,
Gave me freedom, and prov'd himself truly a Friend.

II.

Recollection reveal'd, that in youth's early hour
My saviour he'd been; when with billows at strife
I was whirl'd down the eddy, and aid did implore,
He plung'd in, and, risking his own, sav'd my life.
Again, when a ruffian, who infamy brav'd,
And dar'd 'gainst humanity's dictates offend,
His murderous weapon had rais'd—me he sav'd;
And gratitude warm'd my full heart to my friend.

III.

But, Pelican like, the fair, generous mind
Feeds the suppliant brood with its own vital stream;
My friend to the wretched had oft' prov'd so kind,
Liberality made his fair prospects a dream:

Haggard Ruin approach'd, with it's heart-rending pains,
 O'er the straw I had quitted his form did extend:
 I flew to console him—but, lacking the means,
 Dropt a tear: but, alas! could not speak to my friend.

IV.

I read all the workings of passion and grief;
 The just indignation that flash'd from his eye!
 His bosom was bursting—a tear gave relief—
 And the stab of ingratitude forc'd a deep sigh!
 That misfortune such worth should so harshly assail—
 But who 'gainst the will of stern Fate dare contend?
 He droop'd—but I'll over his doom draw a veil,
 For my heart sure will break when I think on my friend.

OCCASIONAL ADDRESS:

SPOKEN BY MR. CUBIT,

AT THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL CIRCUS,

EASTER MONDAY 1795.

THE Stoic's plan is futile, which requires
 Our wants supply'd, by lopping our desires:
 As well with this vague scheme might you amuse,
 Cut off your feet, 'twill save the price of shoes;
 As well might *we*, thus courting public favour,
 To gain your plaudits lop off all endeavour;

E

The

The thought we spurn, be it our constant aim
 By assiduity to stamp a name;
 (Your approbation points the road to Fame):
 Straining each nerve in light amusement's cause,
 To reap that golden harvest, your applause!

Sweet is the balm which Hope's kind aid bestows,
 To lighten grief, or mitigate our woes;
 To raise desponding merit, banish fear,
 And from the trembler wipe the falling tear;
 To diffidence inspire its dread beguile,
 And doubt extinguish with a cheering smile.

That task be yours, my co-mates, with some dread,
 Depute me here their willing cause to plead;
 Your fiat must their future fates controul,
 For here our chief "has garner'd up his soul:"
 Anxious to please, his throbbing heart beats high,
 By you depress'd, or swell'd to extasy:
 Then bid the phantom Fear, at once depart,
 And Rapture revel in his anxious heart;
 From you, ye fair, who gayly circling sit,
 The galaxy of beauty, and of wit;
 To you, gay goddesses, who lofty tow'r,
 And urge the laughing gods to cry encore:
 Deck'd in your best, display'd your rings and lockets,
 "Hearts fill'd with love, with apples cramm'd your pockets."
 To critic man, no warm appeal we need,
 He'll sure applaud, if Beauty takes the lead,

And

And in the fair, complacent smiles we view,
Pleasure's unpleasing if unfelt by you.

OCCASIONAL

DESCRIPTIVE ADDRESS,

SPOKEN IN THE CHARACTER OF PEEPING TOM

AT THE THEATRE PORTSMOUTH,

BY MR. T. COLLINS, 1795.

FROM Coventry, where, to the window fly creeping,
I'd lik'd, by the ma's! to've paid dear for my peeping;
To Portsmouth I've posted, spruce, pleasant, and clever,
And as curious and prying, Maud tells me, as ever!
From maritime folks, and a maritime town,
My request is a smile (for I ne'er lov'd a frown),
While my own curious hobby, I taylor-like mount,
And my rambles around, to amuse you, recount.

First and foremost, sweet Ladies, thro' Portsmouth and
Common

I've done nought but gaze at some sweet pretty woman!
You've a cargo of Angels here, all must agree,
Like so many Venuses sprung from the sea;
Such fashion! such elegance! all so well grac'd;
So stylish, such plenty of—no, there's no waist!

In High Street, and low, every place I pass'd through,
 Good-humour I met, and had beauty in view;
 I was pleas'd much with Portsea; and Maud likes my taste,
 Like me 'tis improving, she says, very fast.

Next to Spithead I steer'd, where I saw such a sight,
 It made my gay heart jig it warm with delight:
 'Twas the bulwark of Britain, which fought to some tune,
 And shatter'd the grand fleet of Gallia last June;
 English tars are the boys for't, they will rule the main,
 Let them meet and they'll drub 'em again and again!
 Into Portsmouth a few pepper'd first-rates they'll tow;
 We've a *taking* way with us, and let them know *Howe*!
 Here I quaff'd cans of grog, bold as Sam'd Alexander,
 And drank to them all, and their noble commander.

A sailor I ax't, a good tight honest fellow,
 Who'd fight like a Mars, and like Bacchus get mellow,
 Supposing three wishes you had, said I, Booze,
 Now tell us, my hearty, the three things you'd chuse.
 Why, says Jack, first of all, and his quid round he twirl'd,
 I'd have all the Brandy there is in the world;
 What next? All the 'Bacco the lubbers should hand me.
 Your last?—Why, I'll tell you, I'd have, zounds! more
 Brandy!

I got muz among 'em the ship did so rock hard,
 And landing blind drunk, I must needs see the Dock-yard;
 I can't tell how 'twas, as you well may suppose,
 Whether paleness of face, or the patch on my nose,
 Caus'd by Crazy's curs'd claws, or the drop in my head,
 But they call'd me a ghost (I was nation afraid!)
 Ghost of Poor Jack the Painter just rais'd from the
 dead!

Thinks

Thinks I, this is strange ! Maud the mayor's love withstood,
 But Tom become Ghost, she'll prefer flesh and blood !
 So I e'en took my leave, steering quiet and civil,
 But *they*, unpolite, bid me steer to the Devil :
 I'd but one objection, I said, which you'll smile at,
 I should never get there unless they'd find a pilot.
 The Gun Wharf I view'd and their forty-eight pounders,
 Their mortars and bombs, which lays folks flat as flounders !
 But with weapons of iron or steel I ne'er meddle,
 Since my finger I prick'd t'other day with my needle .
 Next to Gosport (still curious) I over must get ;
 It was curious enough for we all overlet :
 The wherry, odd rot it ! because I was in it,
 Was run down, and upset, in just half a minute :
 Odzooks ! such curs'd squalling 'mong little and big !
 Miss had lost her *new muff*, and mama her *old wig* !
 Old Jorum's nose hiss'd as out tumbled his pelf :
 As for me, lud ha' mercy ! I'd near lost myself.
 Yet somehow a friend in the sculler I found,
 Who hinted that some folks wa'n't born to be drown'd !
 So puffing and blowing, fans wigs, caps, and hats,
 We were landed at last, like a crew of drown'd rats :
 There I smok'd, laugh'd, and gigled, and swallow'd my toast,
 Neatness, loyalty, mirth and good-humour's their boast ;
 I'd just dried my feathers and crawl'd from my nest,
 When, would you believe it, I'd nearly been prest ;
 But I freely avow'd that I wa'n't for their plan,
 Prefs a taylor, good Lord ! the ninth part of a man !
 I'd a precious time of it, you'll own, in one day,
 So to make a night of it, I've popp't to the play ;

Where I found as I enter'd droll faces and fashions,
And a bit of a crowd form'd of three different nations.

"Ubbubboo!" bawl'd out Pat, "silence there wid your din,
"If you stay outside prating, you'll never get in;
"Be azey you taef there, I don't like that fnatch,
"Och hone! but I've found out I've just lost my watch."

"Deel dom ye, be quiet," cries Sawney, "ye ken,
"An you've lost it, your best way's to find it again."

"Avast! room for Sal there—crowd canvas, my hearty,
"Let us come along-side that tight brig of our party;
"You shall swim lads in grog—a good cargo, yeo ho!
"We've just ta'en a good looking mounseer in tow:
"Damme! handfuls of shiners, come shipmates be clever,
"Old England's best bulwark, the Navy for ever!"
"May the laurel be ours, soon may enmities cease,
"And the clangor of war yield to permanent peace."

I follow'd Jack Spritfail, a vacancy seiz'd,
And was happy to see every friend here well pleas'd:
May I here meet them often, but, trifling apart,
'Tis gratitude now gives a glow to my heart,
As its language I ne'er could in fancy-terms dress,
My feelings must utter what words can't express.

THE
PRINCE AND HIS CONSORT FOR EVER!

A BALLAD.

SUNG BY MR. HAYMES,

*At the Frogmore Fête at Frogmore Lodge, in Honour of the
Nuptials of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and
Princess of Wales, in June 1795.*

THE MUSIC BY MR. SHIELD.

I.

LET wine, rosy wine, swell the Bacchanal's song ;

The soldier breath conquest and arms ;
In praise of his Phillis, the poet, ding dong,
Dream of rapture, of transport, and charms ;
On friendship, affection, good-humour, or love,
Each bard as he wills raise his throne ;
Tho' mounting no Pegasus, boldly I've strove
To blend greater merit in one :

While with loyal companions I circle the bowl,
Let this be our lay's best endeavour,
To furnish a strain, will delight every soul ;
Here's the Prince and his Consort for ever !

II.

Hymen's torch, bids Existence more transparent shine,
How sweet those endearments must prove,
Which give willing souls a sensation divine,
And brighten the pure flame of love :

Sweet

Sweet the joy which from friendship's soft converse will flow,
 To smooth the curv'd wrinkles of care,
 But Beauty's, more potent, can mitigate woe,
 And soften to transport, despair.
 Then while with companions, &c.

III.

Servility hence ! all thy fawnings are vain,
 Adulation avaunt with thy crew ;
 A mind above meanness your arts will disdain,
 And the symbol of truth keep in view.
 In her fair page 'tis written, record it above,
 Where Detraction's dark sting is unknown ;
 That Friendship, Affection, Good-humour, and Love,
 Worth and Virtue, are now link'd in one.
 Then while with companions, &c.

THE
INSOLVENT DEBTOR,

A PATHETIC NARRATIVE,

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

THE quality of Mercy is not strain'd;
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from Heav'n
 Upon the place beneath. It is twice blest'd;
 It blesteth him that gives, and him that takes.
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
 The throned Monarch better than his crown:
 His sceptre shews the force of temp'ral pow'r,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of Kings:
 But Mercy is above the sceptred sway;
 It is enthroned in the heart of Kings;
 It is an attribute to God himself;
 And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,
 When Mercy seasons Justice.
 We do pray for Mercy;
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
 The deeds of Mercy.

SHAKESPEARE.

HAIL, Liberty! celestial goddess, hail!

Thy native beauties, let the lyre resound,
 Blest with thy smiles we manly pride inhale,
 Thy roseate charms deal dignity around.

F

Hail,

Hail, Liberty ! immortal bloom thy wreath,
 Parent of health, and every social tie,
 Contentment hangs upon thy balmy breath,
 Good-humour wantons in thine ample eye !

For thee, what chiefs have fell ! what heroes bled !
 The Briton's glory, stimulus to fame !
 Let me be number'd with the mould'ring dead
 Whene'er I cease to venerate thy name.

Hail, Liberty ! in purity array'd !
 Unfollied by licentiousness thy reign :
 Hail, genuine Freedom ! boldly rear thine head,
 And bid gaunt Anarchy meet proud disdain.

Vainly let proud Ambition dare assail,
 Thy stem shall flourish 'till times latest Hour:
 Like the tough Oak enrich its native vale,
 Unwarp'd by Faction and unwrung by power.

Possess of thee, I fortune dare deride,
 Care and her canker'd crew can ne'er molest ;
 Thy conscious presence swells with honest pride !
 Th' expanding heart that glows within my breast.

Free as the air, I hie me o'er the mead,
 The village cot, or spacious street explore ;
 Light (as thyself) high o'er the mountain tread,
 Or halt to bait me at some ale-house door.

No law-fed minion dare my march molest,
 No ruffian bailif stop me on my way—
 But pity bids me sigh for the distrest,
 Who to confinement are a lingering prey.

Yon prifon rais'd to penn the culprit wretch,
 Whom hunger hurried on to rob for bread,
 Views, on damp straw, the *honest debtor* stretch,
 To all sensations, but to sorrow, dead!

Unfeeling creditor! whoe'er thou art,
 Be to the precincts of his dungeon led,
 And, if distrefs *can* soften thine hard heart,
 View but the wretch thy cruelty hath made.

Can the straw-pallet, or the hardest fare,
 The woe-worn visage, the tear swollen eye,
 The wretch imprifon'd, e'er thy losfs repair?
 His stock's misfortune! all his wealth, a sigh!

Law! pow'rful law! by wisdom was design'd
 To aid the fallen, succour the distrest;
 The mutual friend, protector of mankind:—
 Why then is honest Penury oppress'd?

'Tis not, I ween, law will itself debase!
 But noblest plans are subject to abuse;
 And tho' no wretch its statutes dare erase,
 He may pervert them to a baneful use.

Law, boasts its pillars upright, liberal, great !
 Abilities enhanc'd by virtues rare !
 Who villany hurl headlong from its seat,
 And suffering merit make their special care.

Wisdom the *code* hath sanction'd with applause ;
 May its *true spirit* lastingly endure ;
 Nor Mercy sleep, when Pity pleads the cause
 Of humble worth, or the meek, suppliant poor.

How should *he feel* ; whose eye has ne'er explor'd
 Where misery sickens, and where grief resides ?
 Where meagre Want, that spectre most abhorr'd !
 In shivering state the winter's blast derides.

How should he feel, whose soul absorb'd in gain,
 To Mammon gives his hour, his day, his year,
 Who never listen'd to Compassion's strain,
 Or own'd the luxury of Pity's tear.

Let others in satyric strain assail,
 "To awe the guilty or appal the free ;"
 My humble muse recites an humble tale,
 The sad reverse of bliss and Misery.

Henry of honest rustics was the pride,
 Each village neighbour did his worth commend ;
 His soul to social virtue was allied,
 The tender husband, father, and the friend.

If mild humanity the breast can warm
With genial feeling, indigence to ease;
If open manliness can have a charm,
Or affability's sweet smile can please;

If fond affection (doatingly return'd),
Unmeasur'd kindness, sweet simplicity—
If e'er disinterestedness adorn'd
A village swain, that village swain was he:

Oft have I seen him round the social board
To lift'ning friendship jocund mirth impart;
Hilarity his converse did afford,
When Britain's nut-brown vintage warm'd the heart.

Oft have I seen him with his comely bride,
And neat-clad infants, fair as driven snow!
With fond-like prattle in domestic pride,
Gaze, till the tear of joy would overflow!

While the pleas'd cherubs clung around his knee,
Sharing the happy kifs, the fond embrace!
His mind a Heaven—none more blest'd than he!
Joy in his heart, health glowing in his face.

New thatch'd his cottage, healthy was his flock,
Sleek Dobbin proudly bore his master's load;
Awaken'd by the shrill attuning cock,
His sturdy team, tow'rds market took the road.

Industry

Industry fertiliz'd his little farm,
Which the rich acres bounteously repaid;
His peat-fire nook the traveller would warm,
Who, cold, benighted to his hamlet stray'd.

No trembling pauper e'er his aid requir'd,
And went unsuccour'd from his friendly door;
To heal distress was all that he desir'd,
And share his little to relieve the poor.

Neat was his garden, fancy paints the spot
Where vine-encircled he has quafft his ale;
Yon arbor'd tripod, held the froth-crown'd pot,
While the burnt weed curl'd to the circling gale.

Relax'd from labour, with a friend in chat,
The summer's evening thus would he beguile;
While on the neighbouring turf his children sat;
And at their infant pranks his *Sue* would smile.

Smooth glided life—the morning, noon, and eve
In social comfort were serenely spent;
Refreshing slumbers did the night deceive,
And Industry was sweeten'd by Content.

His servants like their master eke were gay,
They cheerly labour'd, it was sportive toil;
The sturdy ploughman *whistled* through the day,
And met at eve his Sally at the stile.

The

The laughing hind attun'd his morning song,
Or puff'd salubrious from his ebon clay;
Pleas'd Æther perfum'd as he trudg'd along,
Or whistling pip'd a rustic roundelay.

The shepherd boy upon the healthy moor
Attentive watch'd his raddled fleecy breed,
Patted his fawning comrade o'er and o'er,
Sighing, " Poor dog! alack, thy father's dead.

" Master lov'd Cæsar, so indeed did I,
" He was so gentle, such a foe to strife!
" I've shar'd full oft my meal with him—for why?
" Cæsar once kindly fav'd poor Cudden's life.

" I lost my way, the foggy mist, unkind,
" Sadly deceiv'd; a river deep was near,
" And stumbling tipsey-like or beggar blind,
" I tumbled in and met but sorry cheer.

" But Cæsar was more watchful far than I,
" And diving, seiz'd me, hurried down the stream;
" Then, dripping, on a primrose bank hard bye
" Awak'd me from my sad unwelcome dream.

" The morn I lost him, I shall ne'er forget,
" He was so playful, and so full of sport,
" The tricks I'd taught him oft did he repeat,
" And little dreamt his life would be so short.

" A surly

" A *furly* monster, searching to destroy
" The harmless tenants of the boundless air,
" Damp'd in an instant mine and Cæsar's joy;
" Thou of such wretches honest Watch beware.

" Me he approach'd, poor Cæsar thought to harm—
" And growl'd his friendship, for he scared deceit;
" The monster " damn'd him," then with passion warm,
" Shot—and my dog fell wounded at his feet!

" To me he crawl'd—assist me! seem'd to say—
" It was too late the means that I applied
" To stop his oozing blood; a while he lay—
" Look'd in my face—then lick'd my hand and died."

Thus prated oft the boy, a starting tear
With a back-hand would careless wipe away,
" Thou shalt live safely, Watch, so never fear;"
Patted his back, then troll'd a rustic lay.

Of distant ocean Henry had a view,
Where the tall bark ploughs thro' the yesty wave,
And hardy seamen, to their duty true,
The various changes of the season brave.

When the rough tempest froth'd the angry main,
And hidden rocks pierc'd the wreck'd vessel's side,
To save the sinking, danger he'd disdain;
Oft snatch'd from death, and nourishment supplied.

Philantropy

Philanthropy so warm'd his genial soul
To all who ask'd, his aid would he extend;
Tars mix'd with rustics o'er the friendly bowl,
Oft hail'd the pauper's and the seaman's friend.

Smart were his maidens, modest was their mein,
Harmony dwelt his humble roof beneath:
On Sabbath day at church his household seen,
All learnt to live so as to smile at death.

View if in palaces such meed ye trace,
Where low ambition in rich garb has shone:
Pride, hide with crimson robe thy bloated face!
Pomp! lordly pomp! by homely worth's outdone!

Such was the tenant of those well-till'd meads,
Such were his joys, and such his envied state;
But lo! disdainful o'er yon hillock treads
His surly landlord impiously great.

Black is his visage, emblem of his heart!
A base-born wretch who merit scans with ire!
Who ne'er could joy receive, or joy impart;
Meanness his mother, ignorance his fire.

Grown great and wealthy by usurious means,
With generous feeling can he well dispense;
From thoughtless youth a golden harvest gleans,
Cunning by him, is term'd superior sense.

Domestic happiness he never knew,
 To wound the wretched was the bliss he priz'd;
 And e'en among his own black-hearted crew,
 He lives alike despising and despis'd.

Round to his tenants soon as dawn'd the day,
 With caitiff steward, image of himself!
 Stalk'd he for rent—if rent they could not pay,
 Their little all was seiz'd to swell his pelf.

Nothing avail'd their pleadings, or their tears,
 The widow and the children's prayers were vain,
 Or falsified grandfire silver'd o'er with years;
 His iron heart was callous to their pain.

Reptile reflect! thy impious hand forbear!
 From the grim tyrant's grasp thy gold can't save,
 When Death shall close thine eyes, no friendly tear,
 But the poor's curse attends thee to the grave.

Six jocund years revolv'd thus in delight;
 But who can ward 'gainst dire misfortune's stroke?
 The fairest fruit oft feels the withering blight,
 And the big thunder splits the sturdiest oak.

Vainly we hope to hail joy's *lasting* reign,
 In life's curv'd journey thorny paths we meet:
 Want will intrude while villains are call'd men,
 And artless worth is subject to deceit.

A specious wretch, who friendship's garb assum'd,
 Usher'd Misfortune with her ghastly train,
 Into his cottage ; happiness was doom'd,
 To wander thence, and meekness to complain.

Deep read in all the petty quirks of Law,
 Practitioner in all its thriving wiles,
 A client culprit he could save by flaw,
 Or villain-like catch virtue in the toils.

He saw him blest, and envying his lot,
 Resolv'd a quantum of his means to share :
 A small dispute happ'd at a neighbour's cot,
 (To widen breaches was the monster's care) :

He proffer'd aid ; disputes more violent grew,
 Talk'd much of justice, justice has a name !
 The spark once lighted to a blaze he blew,
 And the whole village felt dissention's flame.

What did avail who gain'd or lost his cause,
 By each the dark proceedings must be paid ;
 Blush, wretch ! who thus dar'ft blast our wholesome laws !
 Is barter'd justice made a venal trade ?

The social tie 'twixt neighbour was dissolv'd,
 O'er many a mile his rapine did extend :
 In Law's dark lab'rinth Henry was involv'd—
 But then, 'tis true, he *ow'd* it to a *friend*.

Hard press'd by avarice for that curs'd ore
 For which advent'urers sacrifice their health;
 He neighbours tried, but they, alas! were poor;
 No sordid commerce had he form'd with wealth.

His landlord sternly urg'd his harsh demand,
 Vainly for lenity did he implore—
 When his *betray'r*, with seeming open hand,
 Heal'd present ills to plunge him into more.

The rent was paid—law fil'd its item'd bill,
 Which from advice that damn'd, enormous swell'd,
 Ruin approach'd—the minion haunts him still;
 And madd'ning thought to misery impell'd.

The year now waining had with sparing hand
 It's golden produce niggardly supplied;
 The tyrant waters had o'erflow'd the land,
 His flock was sickly and his cattle died.

Gigantic soon his dire misfortunes grew,
 Calamity incessant on him prey'd;
 His house was plunder'd by a ruffian crew,
 And on the couch of pain his wife was laid.

Peace from his bosom fled, Hope 'gan depart,
 His future fortune fill'd with thousand fears,
 He view'd his children with an aching heart,
 And bath'd his Consort's cheek with trickling tears.

Sleep,

Sleep, balmy sleep his moisten'd pillow flies,
 He sigh'd, and anguish hung upon his breath;
 If with his woes worn out—he clos'd his eyes,
 In slumb'ring dread he dreams of chains and death.

Then starting from his couch like one insane,
 (While with prophetic dread the screech-owl screams),
 He quits his home, once sweet contentment's fane,
 Stretching in rapid stride his trembling limbs.

Approaching morn her dimmest glimmerings gave,
 And flitting snow the mountains 'gan to bleach,
 The frost-nipp'd winds were hush'd, the fullen wave
 In proud disdain scarce lash'd the shelly beach.

Chill was the drizzly air, and biting keen,
 'Numb'd silence held her solemn awful reign,
 When woe-revolving with dejected mein
 Slowly he stalk'd across the trackless plain.

The pale-clad earth th' impressive tear receiv'd,
 And echo number'd every passing sigh,
 Distracting grief in every gesture liv'd,
 Horror roll'd ghastly in his haggard eye.

“ Ah! woe is me!” the shivering spectre cried,
 “ Where shall I wander? where shall I comfort find?
 “ By death?”—he paus'd—“ Religion be my guide—
 “ Self-murder hence—attack the guilty mind!

“ What tho’ the threat’ning creditor presume
“ To rob me of the dearest gift I prize,
“ My liberty—I’ll calmly meet my doom,
“ Hope’s lynx-like eye shall stray to gentler skies.”

Thus he exclaim’d, when from the copse anigh
Rush’d ruffian-like a catch-pole and his crew ;
Law’s black banditti did their prey espy,
On their snar’d fly, the venom’d spiders flew.

With coarse reproach, unfeeling as their trade,
And bitter taunts they hurried him along ;
Unmanly wretches ! meanly did upbraid,
His lavish bounty to a beggar throng.

His squander’d store, his pity misapply’d,
Which unrestrain’d no longer they’d let roam ;
Men of the world meek Charity deride
The charity of law begins at home.

In vain he begg’d permission to return——
With low-bred pride their impious bosoms swell !
His sad request was ridicul’d with scorn,
And he denied to bid his wife farewell.

They rudely forc’d him thence, to be immur’d
Where wretches—vain the wealthy’s aid implore,
And soon—(to fights of misery innur’d)
The *sullen keeper* barr’d the grated door.

'Mid wretchedness he cast his eyes around,
 His present stock scarce paid the prison fees;
 Nought but the features of distress he found,
 Where long confinement nurtur'd pale disease.

Where honest penury had her abode,
 Where 'gainst an ingrate indignation burn'd;
 Where the once gay, in tears their limits trod,
 And thoughtlessness and folly were inurn'd.

Traffic's unfortunates, all woe begone!
 The pale artificer in piteous plight!
 The humble curate, learning's abject son!
 The widow lacking means to give her mite.

View yon starv'd infant, and its tatter'd fire,
 'Gainst chill December coldly bearing up;
 Yon wretch by stealth gulping down liquid fire,
 To drown reflection in the maddening cup.

View yon extravagant! whose squand'ring hand,
 Scatter'd its thousands—what does't now avail?
 Neglected—friendless—see him shivering stand,
 And pity o'er his faults will draw a veil.

See yonder skeleton! enwrapt in thought!
 Surrounding objects meet not his regard:
 Once in his country's cause he bravely fought!
 Bled for his king!—Can this be his reward?

Ah

Ah no ! his Sovereign knows not what he feels,
 His sufferings ne'er assail the Royal ear;
 Or succour, sure, would bless his peaceful dreams,
 Beneficence forbid the starting tear.

Look at yon rough-hewn tar ! the proudest foe,
 The blackest tempest did he careless brave !
 Shipwreck, and all its variegated woe ;
 Escap'd from these—confinement digs his grave!!!

Hark to that scream ! yon frantic female view !
 Rending her tatter'd weeds—her flowing hair !—
 Her prison'd love to self-destruction flew,
 And fell the horrid victim of despair.

Henry, distracted ! hasten'd to his cell,
 Strictly his loathsome chamber claim'd that name,
 In anguish on the flinty pavement fell,
 And 'gainst deceit did bitterly exclaim.

Rav'd " of his wife—his servants—his hard lot—
 " His farm neglected—children uncaref'd :—"
 The bitter tidings reach'd his humble cot,
 And plung'd a dagger in his Susan's breast.

Sickness and pain attendants long had been,
 Her weakly frame more chearing news requir'd :—
 Grief breath'd the tale, death shorten'd the dire scene ;
 Blessing her children, lamb-like she expir'd.

Nor

Nor heard her mate! till in her coffin'd shroud—

That Death from his embrace sweet Sue had torn;
When slowly follow'd by a weeping croud,
She by sad swains to her cold grave was borne.

With the dread news his children did approach,

A faithful servant pointed out the place—

Sudden he started from his flinty couch—

And read the dismal story in each face.

“What, is she gone! my fond, my faithful Sue!—

“Pity for me has pierc'd her to the quick;

“Not one last look!—one pitying adieu!”—

They mournful shook their heads but could not speak:

“Grief has untimely pluck'd the beauteous flow'r;

“Hope's ray is vanish'd—each fair prospect flies—

“Yet why repine?—Heaven in a happy hour

“Wafts her fair spirit to its kindred skies.

“Death soon will heal the anguish I endure—

“My innocents!—who'll aid to them impart!—

“Ah! where is the physician that can cure

“A mind distracted, and a broken heart!”

With wild delirium gaz'd he then around—

The pitying Muse no farther can proceed—

His death-bell knolls!—Hark to its solemn sound!

Fate has the period of his woes decreed!!!

H

He

He is no more !—his little orphans left
 To all their parents worth and woes allied !—
 Shall suffering Virtue's sons be thus bereft,
 And lack a friend, protector, or a guide ?

Ye thoughtless affluent, who, wrapt in state,
 Ne'er feel for woes which can't obstruct your way,
 Think, many have met imprison'd Henry's fate,
 Many like Susan died to grief a prey.

Too many have felt Law's baneful *stretch* of pow'r,
 And fed, in vain, on Hope for Mercy's aid ;
 Many in want have linger'd out their hour,
 Entomb'd in Jail, 'till number'd with the dead.

MOIRA, to thee the Muse inscribes her lays,
 May thy kind efforts give meek Mercy birth !
 He sure demands the Muse's warmest praise
 Who pleads the cause of indigence and worth.

Oh, may that Power ! who can the wrong'd redress,
 Dry the moist orbit, dimm'd by ruthless grief,
 With speedy aid the pale *Insolvent* bleis,
 And give to *suffering Honesty* relief !

SONGS,

SONGS, &c.
WRITTEN FOR THE
ENTERTAINMENT
OF
MUSIC AND READING;

PERFORMED AT THE
Theatre-Royal, Hay-Market,
WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE, IN LENT 1795.

AIR. MRS. MOUNTAIN.

Composed by Reeve.

FANCY's playful pinions waving,
Through the mind disporting flies;
Sorrow's tears the pale cheek laving,
With Hope's lucid ray she dries.

Supine on absent Friendship dreaming,
Fancy comfort will impart,
In her orbits Pleasure beaming,
Wings Joy's errand to the heart.

Gay the bosom Fancy blesses,
Happy where she smiling reigns;
Fetter'd Love her power confesses,
Reason's self she binds in chains.

IRISH SONG. MR. JOHNSTONE,

Composed by Reeve.

I.

OF a great well known family near Tipperary,
 Who trotted a pole or who shoulder'd a hod,
 I was sprung, and so thinking the prospect to vary,
 Left my old ancient ancestors, home, and the sod,
 I'd a twist of the brogue I determin'd to alter,
 And speak native English jonteelly of course;
 If bred up a foreigner why should I falter,
 Tho' born in a stable a man an't a horse,

II.

To be hir'd for a footman I'd fix'd it completely,
 To a great man who hated a tight Irish lad,
 And would not keep a servant but talk'd English neatly,
 If the devil a one upon earth could be had;
 "What are you?"—says he:—"Why an Englishman,
 honey;"
 "Where born?"—"Why in Ireland, my jewel, of course."
 "That can't be."—"It can, Sir, I'll bett any money—
 "Tho' born in a stable a man an't a horse."

III.

He gabb'd, and he chatter'd his cockneyshire blarney,
 Bade me and my brogue to the devil go roam:
 Says I, "if Bow bell was the lake of Killarney,
 "The devil a cokney would be born at home:"

Cries

Cries he, "you pronounce neither one thing nor t'other."

Says I, "I've a tongue sure, for better for worse;"

'Bout pronuncification then why make a bother,

Tho' born in a stable a man an't a horse.

IV.

At last all the Inn-keepers, where-e'er I enter'd,

Bawl'd, "Put down the potatoes," by way of disgrace;

Where the devil, thinks I, can their knowledge be centred,

By my soul they must see I've the brogue on my face.

So tho' I talk English so native and easy,

My plump Irish features betray me of course,

Yet I've prov'd to your faces as neat as a daisy,

Tho' born in a stable a man an't a horse.

SEA SONG. MR. WATHEN.

Composed by Reeve.

I.

AS brisk and as merry a fellow,

As ever cou'd hand, reef, and steer,

I on shore with my messmates get mellow,

On board am a stranger to fear;

A stave

A slave I can troul, glibly patter,
 My timbers are all heart of oak,
 And, zounds ! let what will be the matter,
 I'm call'd a tight hand at a joke.
 With my fal, lal, lal, &c.

II.

On the mast-head, a-top of his napper
 Ned Nimble once whirl'd round and round ;
 Dar'd I for to try the same caper,
 'Cause why, I wa'n't born to be drown'd :
 I was capsiz'd 'twas, nonsense to grumble,
 The rigging my fall kindly broke ;
 So I ax'd him to try the same tumble—
 No, damme, says he, you're in joke.
 With my fal, lal, lal, &c.

III.

Oft times, I remember, in action
 Quite cool, tho' the battle seem'd warm,
 Just by way now of self-satisfaction,
 And meaning and thinking no harm ;
 Along-side the foe hard a-plying,
 Our poppers so prettily spoke,
 We wing'd 'em before they were flying,
 And, damme, they *grinn'd* at the joke.
 With my fal, lal, lal, &c.

IV. I've

IV.

I've heard cannons roar, thunder rattle,
Stemm'd the surge in a cockle-shell boat,
When *misfortin* or *sich* like gave battle,
Kept always good humour a-float ;
In a snug birth at home how we swig it,
My messmates and Poll I provoke,
To laugh, quaff, to caper and jig it,
Be alive 'till we die with the joke.
With my fal, lal, lal, &c.

ROUNDELAY.

MR. WILLIAMES, MR. JOHNSTONE, MR. WATHEN,
AND MRS. MOUNTAIN.

Composed by Reeve.

MR. WILLIAMES.

NOW the sunshine of mirth beams refulgent and gay,
And illumines with pleasure the village and grove ;
Your voices attune, and let this be the lay,
The triumph of Hymen, of Virtue and Love.

Chorus.

Yet bolder the strain, let its peal rend the sky,
Our Prince and his Consort the lay will approve ;
For our warm grateful hearts can't their tribute deny,
To George and to Caroline, Virtue and Love.

MR.

MR. JOHNSTONE.

May pinions of pleasure his princess waft o'er,
The joys of endearing affection to prove ;
While Loyalty welcomes the maid to our shore,
And the plaudit of Britons greet Virtue and Love.

Chorus, Yet, &c.

MR. WATHEN.

Tho' born far from town, and but plain in my way,
Yet, somehow or other, I've ardently strove
Like others the feelings I boast to display,
And throw in my mite to greet Virtue and Love.

Chorus, Yet, &c.

MRS. MOUNTAIN.

Then breathe the soft flute, let the hautboy be gay,
The lyre in bold strains of delight sweetly move ;
Your voices attune, and let this be the lay,
The triumph of Hymen, of Virtue and Love.

Chorus, Yet, &c

IRISH SONG. MR. JOHNSTONE.

The Music by Reeve.

YOU may talk about drinking your claret and whisky,
A jolly companion may term, a meer toper !
Since a sup of the creature first render'd me frisky,
Bad luck to my glass ! but I ne'er could keep sober.

Let

Let it be where it might,
 By sunshine or moon-light,
 So cleverly pleasant the toping time past;
 That to rise up from table,
 I never was able,
 'Till tipsey, the bottle came round so fast.

II.

When I pleasantly breath'd in the land of potatoes,
 Quite jolly, one day, I determin'd so neatly
 To keep myself sober, among the sweet creatures;
 So rose, just before I was knock'd up completely.
 But on bidding good bye,
 Just to wet t'other eye,
 Dough-a-duros, a drink at the door I must taste;
 As there was no denying,
 They found me complying
 And tipsey—the bottle came round so fast.

III.

At a snug monthly club, where we always met weekly,
 They white-wash'd the wall all red over with brushes,
 Because 'twas observ'd by myself most obliquely,
 Our features look fairest when covered with blushes:
 Here we talk and we drink,
 And leave others to think;

I

Oh

Oh the brave jolly moments I with them have past!
And tho' quite a full table,
To rise am unable,
'Till tipsey; the bottle came round so fast.

IV.

One day in my cups, I was merrily rowing,
A friend took my part, says he, "Pat, why you're tipsey?
" Arrah! where have you been, now, and where are you
going?
" You've dined out—drank hard, and quite *non se ipse!*"
Says I, "prating elf——
" No, I dined by myself,
" The way to keep sober I've plann'd out at last;
" But to rise up from table
" 'Till drunk I wa'n't able,
" Becase still the bottle came round so fast."

THE WELCH QUACK,

A COMIC SONG;

Sung by Mr. Williams.

I'M nick-nam'd Quack by every prig,
Whose sence or nonsense borders;
Without diploma, cane, or wig,
I cures the worst disorders:

The

The Gout, Sciatica, or Stone,
 Your Fevers, Ague, Phthific;
 The Byle, Consumption, every one
 Yields to all-healing Physic:

On Restoratives I'm quite intent;

Each Patient's ills discover,
 Lord! if Folks die, 'tis Accident,

'Tis Chance, if they recover.

Spoke. A great chance indeed, I keep so continually
 trying their Constitutions, if they have any—

With cupping, drenching, couching, clyster,

Emetic, bleeding, sweating, blister,

Diet, bolus, dose, or pill:—

Ye potion, lotion makers!

Like you I'm oft, with all my skill,

A friend to Undertakers.

II.

I patient-visiting essay'd,

One who in dangerous way was,

When last I call'd (oh death to trade!)

My dying man at play was!

"My prescription's done't," says I, "now speak,

"You follow'd it—I knew it."

"No! if I had, I'd broke my neck,

"For I out of the window threw it,

"Avaunt—throw physic to the dogs!

"(Fine food for grim Death's laughter),

"Your recipe, you first of rogues;

"You soon shall bundle after!"

Spoke. "Don't come here to vend your Poisons at so much an ounce, Mr. Gallipot; for if you do, you shall swallow them yourself, and puzzle all Warwick Lane to tell what disorder you died of; so no more of—"

"Your cupping," &c.

He prov'd himself, tho' lacking skill,
No friend to undertakers!

III.

To Guttle's next I sped in haste,
Whose Girl a stinging faint is!

He choak'd was at a city feast,
And died brimful of dainties:

My bill I shew'd ma'am in a crack,

Ax't payment—'twould not do, Sir:

"Lord, if you had your bottles back,"

Says she, "you'd be no loser!"

She vow'd I'd kill'd him; should repent,

To poison such a lover!

Lord, if folks die, 'tis Accident,

'Tis Chance, if they recover!

Spoke. If I had my bottles back! what an unconscionable woman; she thinks nothing of my great expence, for Corks, Pack-thread, and Paper, besides all My cupping, &c.

NOTHING

NOTHING BUT A PLACE;

A COMIC SONG.

SUNG BY MR. WATHEN.

Composed by Reeve.

I.

I FELL out with my Feyther 'bout something or other,
He gave me a douse, call'd me quarrelsome Elf!
So I bade 'un good bye, and without any pother
Com'd plump up to London to better myself;
For tho' pipe and tabor,
Oft cheer'd after labor,
When riggs we were running Dad run such a race!
So to make matters easy,
Why, thinks I, an't please ye,
I wants but just nothing, that's only a place.

II.

So I met with a friend when I reach'd London city,
And ax't him his sarvice most kindly to grant;
Cod! he told me my journey was nought but a pity,
In town scarce a body but had the same want.
Physicians, says he, Sir,
Want Patients and Fees, Sir;
The Patient wants health, limb, and plump ruddy face.
Your Great Folks, I've read it,
Want honor, and credit;
And Patriots, something next door to a place!

III. Look

III.

Look at 'vertisements filling the front of the papers;
 Plague take 'em! such wants as are scarce to be borne!
 Young heirs at the death of their dads, to cup capers;
 The wife to wear weeds, and the husband to mourn.
 Old Ladies, young fellows,
 And reason, the jealous;
 Tho' truly their Dames are oft wanting of grace:
 The Courtier, plain-dealing;
 The Church-warden, feeling;
 And open-mouth'd Senators bawl for a place.

IV.

Cod! it seem'd all so queer I wur all in a flurry,
 Their wonderful wants quite me comical struck;
 For, adds he, Undertakers want bodies to bury,
 Rogues pockets to pick; Gamblers, pigeons to pluck.
 So I tipp'd off my noggin,
 Then homeward came joggin;
 For certain I there should have got in disgrace:
 For I found out, 'od rot it!
 Those who hadn't got it,
 Would go to the devil to get 'em a place.

FINALE.

(71)

FINALE.

Composed by Shield.

MR. WILLIAMES.

Happy we,
Rejoic'd to see,
Friends here in a merry vein;
Let gay mirth,
To joy give birth,
Gratitude too swell the strain.

Chorus. Happy we, &c.

MR. JOHNSTONE.

Modest maid,
Let none upbraid,
Downcast eyes, with language rude;
Thy warm heart
Would thanks impart,
But by feeling 'tis subdu'd:
Heav'n-born virtue, Gratitude.

Chorus. Happy we, &c.

MRS. MOUNTAIN.

Dulcet lays,
The voice essays,
Should a *Wish* to please invite;
Bids us strive,
Endeavour live,
Inclination too unite,
To please our patrons true delight!

Chorus. Happy we, &c.

MR. WATHEN.

To beguile,
The sprightly smile,
Cause Mirth dimple ev'ry cheek,
Joke and song,
Your stay prolong,
Approbation to bespeak,
Is the glad reward we seek.

Chorus. Happy we, &c.

MR. BANNISTER AND MR. CAULFIELD.

Some aver,
That to err,
Oft is mix'd with man's design;
Should dispraise,
Attend our lays,
Mortals oft to err incline,
But to pardon is divine.

Chorus. Happy we, &c.

(73)

SONGS

WRITTEN FOR THE
READINGS AND MUSIC,

AT FREEMASONS' HALL, 1795.

~~REMEMBER JACK~~
REMEMBER JACK :

A SEA BALLAD,

SUNG BY FAWCETT.

Composed by Reeve.

I.

WHEN scarce a handspike high,
Death with old dad made free;
So what does I do me I,
But I pikes it of to sea;
Says I to sweet-heart Poll,
" If ever I come back ;
" We'll laugh and sing, Tol-de rol-lol;
" If not, remember Jack."

II.

I'd fortin smooth and rough,
The wind would chop and veer,
Hard knocks I nab'd enough,
On board a privateer :

K

Propt

Propt with a wooden peg,
Poll I thought would bid me pack,
So was forc'd, d'ye see, to beg,
And 'twas "Pray remember Jack!"

III.

I ax't as folks hove by,
And fhew'd my wooden pin,
Young girls would sometimes figh,
And gaping lubbers grin:
In vain I'd often bawl,
My hopes were ta'en aback,
And my share of coppers small,
To "Pray remember Jack."

IV.

One day my lockers bare,
And toggs all tatter'd grown,
I twigg'd a pinnance fair,
Well rigg'd, a bearing down:
'Twas Poll, she look'd so spruce;
"What! thus," said she, "come back!"
My tongue forgot its use,
And pray remember Jack.

V.

What matters much to prate,
She'd shiners fav'd a few,
Soon I became her mate,
Wa'n't Poll a sweet-heart true?

Then

Then a friend I'd sav'd before,
From a long voyage trips back,
Shar'd with I his gold galore,
For he well remember'd Jack.

VI.

So tho'f I loft my leg,
It seem'd to fortin mend,
And was forc'd, d'ye see, to beg,
I gain'd a wife and friend.
Here's the King, Old England, Poll !
My shipmate just come back ;
Then laugh and sing tol de rol lol,
And pray remember Jack.

OLD BEN BOWLING:

A FAVORITE SEA SONG.

SUNG BY MR. INCLEDON.

Composed by Reeve.

I.

AS brave a commander as breath'd was Ben Bowling,
Each mariner did him revere ;
He smil'd at a storm when rough tempests were howling,
Yet dropp'd for distress the big tear.

K 2

When

When his vessel was launch'd, sure no seaman so jolly,
 In merriment time gayly past,
 Three bottles were crack'd, and he nam'd her 'The Molly,'
 And swore he'd stick by till the last.

II.

From the Downs when she sail'd all was pleasant and clever
 She scudded so swift 'fore the gale;
 But to look for continuance of joy we must never,
 A storm soon did Molly assail:
 Old Bowling toil'd hard, bawl'd out "Lads ne'er be
 "frighted,
 "Tho' whirlwinds have shiver'd the mast,
 "To work my tight hearts—toss the can—see she's righted
 "And her I'll stick by till the last."

III.

The winds were subsiding, the storm near was over,
 And Bowling still chearing his crew,
 To refit his dear Moll with the zeal of a lover,
 When an enemy's sail hove in view;
 Her cannon proclaim'd her a first-rate—like thunder
 She pour'd in her broadsides, so fast—
 Resistance was vain—and, almost torn asunder,
 Moll sunk—Ben stuck by to the last.

IV.

Pity caus'd in the breast of the foe some emotion,
 They resolute flew Ben to save;
 On board of their boat haul'd the tar from the ocean.
 Thus snatch'd from a watery grave—

He

He seem'd quite absorb'd in a fix'd melancholy,
 Exclaim'd " Every comfort is past !
 " Hope's founder'd, I'll sink with my good ship the Molly;
 " Farewell," cry'd, and then breath'd his last.

THE WAITER:

A COMIC SONG.

SUNG BY MR. FAWCETT.

Composed by Reeve.

I.

AT the very best of houses, where the best of people dine,
 And the very best of eatables they cater,
 Give the very best of spirits, and decant the best wine,
 I attends as a very merry Waiter :
 I a table-cloth can spread,
 Neat decant my White and Red,
 Manage matters to a charm,
 And, with napkin under arm,
 Can a skin-flint, or jolly fellow tell,
 Know whether they'll come down,
 Gold, a Tisley, or a Crown ;
 So I treats 'em, as I find 'em, ill or well ;
 And when noisy, roaring, drumming,
 Tingling, gingling, I cries coming.

Spoke. Going in, ma'am ! coming up, Sir !—Damn the bells !
they're all ringing at once—
I'm a coming, coming, coming, coming, coming.

II.

In their very merry meetings, why I always likes to share;
A whole bottle's sometimes broke, then I snatch it;
In that I'm quite at home, so it travels you know where,
Sally Chambermaid and I flyly crack it;
She a little fortune's made,
Just by making warm a bed;
So I thinks it not amiss,
Now and then to snatch a kifs;
For you know I likes Sally very well :
So hob-nobbing as we chat,
Looking loving and all that,
In our ears they're ever ringing such a peal;
Missus, maids, all bawling, drumming,
Tingling, gingling, I cries coming.
Spoke. John, Devil some biscuits, and take 'em up to the
Angel. Tom, you take care of No. 2, I shall take care
of No. 1. myself.—
Coming, &c.

III.

A Snipe there once was order'd, such an article we'd not,
Yet to disappoint a customer unwilling;
A Plover was serv'd up, the Gemman swore no bill 't had got;
Says I, swallow it, I'll soon bring the bill in.
Thus I jokes and gayly talk,
While poor master jokes with chalk,

And

And will, jingling glassess, drink,
 While I jingle in the chink,
 Cod! he breaks, and I buy in, who can tell;
 Sally, Missus then is made,
 Up to every sarvant's trade;
 We are sartain sure, your Honors, to do well.
 Brisk and busy, no hum-drumming,
 Tingling, gingling, I cries coming.

Spoke. James, take care of No. 4, and see that Sam Celler-
 man sends up prick'd bottles; they're a shabby set, and
 we may never see them again. Mrs. Napkin shew my
 Lord to the Star and Garter, and Lawyer Lattitat to the
 Devil. He's going there himself, Sir, he knows the way
 very well.—

Coming, &c.

(80)

S O N G S

SELECTED FROM THE ENTERTAINMENT OF
MIRTH'S MUSEUM;
OR, THE COUNTRY CLUB;

PERFORMED AT THE
LYCEUM IN THE STRAND,

THE LAVENDER GIRL;

A BALLAD.

SUNG BY MRS. REEVE,

Composed by Reeve.

WHENE'ER I view the opening dawn,
And ruddy streaks bepaint the sky;
And birds their flight wing o'er the lawn,
To gather flow'rs or herbs I fly:
Primroses, cowslips, marj'ram sweet;
The daisy pied, the snow-drop fair;
And cry 'em through each lane and street:
But now my cry's "Sweet Lavender:
" Four bunches a penny, sweet lavender!
" Four bunches a penny."

II. My

II.

My dad and mammy, both, no more!

By my own labour must I live;

But heaven's manna feeds the poor,

And orphans oft it's aid receive.

Primroses, cowslips, marj'ram sweet;

The daisy pied, the snow-drop fair;

I cry them through each lane and street:

But now my cry's "Sweet Lavender:

"Four," &c.

III.

Oft pitying hearts to hear me hie,

With thanks is ta'en the smallest aid:

And gratitude calls forth a sigh,

From your poor little orphan maid.

Primroses, cowslips, marj'ram sweet;

The daisy pied, the snow-drop fair;

I cry them through each lane and street:

But now my cry's "Sweet Lavender:

"Four," &c.

GODDESS OF THE SILVER STREAM:

A BALLAD.

SUNG BY MR. GRAY.

Composed by Reeve.

I.

NEAR where old Thames, in ample tide,
So pleasantly is flowing;
And wherries o'er it's bosom glide,
And breezes soft are blowing;
A lass resides, of beauty rare!
The Muse's fav'rite theme,
For she excels each rustic fair;
Sweet Goddess of the Silver Stream!

II.

A boatman I, by lucky chance
One morn I row'd her over;
So, gazing, stole a side-long glance,
And gaz'd myself her lover!
My feather'd oar forgot it's play,
So sweet her eyes did beam,
My boat it's burthen wish'd to stay,
Sweet Goddess of the Silver Stream!

III.

Love soon gave language to her eyes,
Like Doves we soon were billing;
A smile the pleasing phrase supplies,
"To wed, dear lad, I'm willing!"

I took

I took the hint, to church we sped,
Our joys were not a dream !
A modest blush her cheeks o'erspread,
Sweet Goddess of the Silver Stream !

IV.

And now as blithe as blithe can be,
Or in our cot so cheery,
She smiling sits upon my knee,
Or queens it in our wherry:
No lot is sure so blest as mine !
Tho' mortal man I seem,
Love bids me taste a bliss *divine*,
Sweet Goddess of the Silver Stream !

THE HUNTSMAN'S RHAPSODY.

SUNG BY MR. GRAY.

Composed by Reeve.

I.

OF horses and hounds, who scud swift o'er the plain,
Praise has oft wing'd it's notes to the sky;
While echoing horns have repeated the strain,
And join'd in the Huntsman's full cry:
My voice I'll attune then, the chase grace my song,
For nought can compare to it's joys !
O'er mountain, thro' valley, we spank it along,
With tantivy, tantivy, hark forward my boys !

L 2

II, 'Tis

II.

'Tis exercise ever gives health it's warm glow,
 And yields to refreshment a zest :
 How sweetly to friendship the bottle will flow,
 When return'd, plenty welcomes each guest.
 My voice, &c.

III.

Our hounds truly train'd, are of excellent breed,
 (Brother sportsmen I'm yours while I've breath;)
 Our horses are ne'er to be equall'd in speed,
 And we always are in at the death.
 My voice, &c.

IV.

From the shades could old Nimrod, that hunter of old,
 Be permitted to view our domain,
 Our horses, our hounds, and our Huntsmen so bold,
 He'd wish to pass life o'er again.
 My voice, &c.

MY JOURNEY IS LOVE:

A BALLAD.

SUNG BY MR. GRAY.

Composed by Reeve.

I.

WHEN I was at home, as the lark I was gay,
That warbles so wantonly wild in the spring :
At the plough, or at thrashing, I labour'd all day,
Or when driving my team, how I'd whistle and sing !
Spruce Fan was my darling, a neat pretty maid ;
But she from our village unkindly did rove ;
So finding her gone, and my hopes all betray'd,
I be com'd up to Town, and my Journey is Love.

II.

Over head I was fous'd in affection I vow,
Nor morn, noon or night could a gay moment bring,
At thrashing, at driving the team or the plough,
No more the blithe lay could I whistle or sing ;
For Fan was my darling, a neat pretty maid,
And she from our village unkindly did rove ;
So finding her gone, and my hopes all betray'd,
I be com'd up to Town, and my Journey is Love.

III.

She was kind to me once, aye, as kind as she's fair ;
In her ears love-lorn ditties I'd frequently ding,
Which she would admire ; and I vow and declare
She was pleas'd with the notes that I'd whistle and sing.
Efeggs!

Eggs! then I thought her my own pretty maid :
 But away from our village fair Fanny did rove ;
 So finding her gone, and my hopes all betray'd,
I be com'd up to Town, and my Journey is Love.

IV.

But why should I longer despair or complain ;
 See, yonder she trips ! the fair wand'rer I seek !
 She smiles—her sweet features could ne'er look disdain,
 And truth and affection her glances bespeak !
 Again she's my darling, my own pretty maid,
 No more from our village the trembler shall rove ;
 But blest be the day her allurements betray'd,
And brought me to Town, for my Journey is Love.

INGRATITUDE, OR THE CAPTIVE:

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

SUNG BY MR. GRAY.

Composed by Reeve.

I.

MY tale is simple, fraught with woe,
 Oft interrupted by a tear,
 Which down my furrow'd cheek will flow ;
 It's burthen, friendship insincere :
 A friend, involv'd, requir'd my aid—
 Can manly feeling be subdu'd?—
 His bondsman I—by him betray'd—
 Imprison'd, mourn Ingratitude !

II. My

II.

My Anna's fate her looks foretold,
When cruel bondage bade us part;
She, now, alas! is marble cold!
And rent in twain my aching heart.
Fortune once cheer'd me with her smile;
Now, pent in prison, griefs intrude;
I mourn—I ne'er suspected guile,
Or poison-fraught Ingratitude.

III.

My tender infants, ah! forbear;
With horror is the image fraught;
Despair, distraction rages there!
Oblivious pow'rs! then banish thought.
An abject wretch, forgot, forlorn,
Who pale Misfortune's spectre woo'd,
Is summon'd to Death's peaceful bourn,
The victim of Ingratitude.

THE PRISONER RELEASED:

A BALLAD.

IN a gloomy recess, where the sun's cheerful light
But yielded a glimmering ray,
On a pallet of straw, dismal, silent as night,
A long-confin'd prisoner lay:

His

His beard silver'd o'er by the labour of years,
 His cheeks wan with famine and care,
 While adown the damp wall seem'd to pace mournful tears,
 In compassion, alas ! for his fare.

Moments number'd by sighs a whole age had he past ;
 And pour'd forth to fate oft' a prayer,
 " That each moment of misery might prove his last,
 " For, alas ! he had more than his share."

Sometimes, he'd of former delights wildly rave ;
 But soon the dilirium retreats :
 Thus Time dragg'd, 'till Charity enter'd his cave,
 To purchase him Liberty's sweets.

Releas'd, he had now a new world to explore :
 Each step brought pass'd joys to his mind ;
 But the friends of his youth were dispers'd, or—no more,
 And had scarce left a relic behind :

His cot, where frugality once cheerful reign'd,
 Dispensing to poverty food,
 Was now quite a chaos, no token remain'd,
 To reveal where it formerly stood.

Back he sped to his prison, revolving in thought,
 How oft' Hope speaks fair to deceive !
 Cry'd, " the world has no charms for an old man forgot !
 " Me again to my prison receive !"

His boon, with a frown, the harsh keeper denies !—
 With anguish, of life fully tir'd,
 He turn'd up to Heav'n his tear-swoll'n eyes,
 Reclin'd, bow'd his head and—expir'd !

ANACREONTIC.

PRITHEE, boy, take hence the bowl,
 Love alone inspires my soul ;
 Wine adds fuel to the fire,
 And but maddens wild desire :
 Hence then with the ample draught,
 Enough of nectar have I quaff'd ;
 Bring me Chloe, fly with speed,
 Bring me Chloe in its stead !
 Chloe, bounding, buxom maid
 As ever trod the woodland glade ;
 As e'er, by Phœbus' quivering beam,
 View'd her image in the stream.
 As e'er, at the approach of morn,
 Shook the dew-drop from the thorn,
 As e'er the woods, the vallies rov'd,
 As ever sigh'd—as ever lov'd !

E'en now, in fancy, I espy
 The silken sash, the rolling eye,
 The arched brow, loose flowing hair,
 In dalliance with her bosom fair ;

M

The

The ruby lip where balmy blifs is,
Honey'd feat of burning kifles.

If the rofe-bud you would feek,
See, 'tis damask'd on her cheek;
The May lily would you view,
On her bofom trace it's hue;
Fragrance, and her thoufand sweets,
Her balmy melting breath emits:
Look, like the approach of morn,
Chloe trips it o'er the lawn;
See, her ankle is difplay'd,
Hark! there's mufic in the tread.

Come, fweet nymph, my foul's on fire,
To yon filent bow'r repair,
Form'd for joy, extatic blifs!
The thrilling touch, the melting kif,
Honeyfuckle's fweet perfume
Scents the verdant furnifh'd room;
Creeping tendrils of the vine,
Round the little manfion twine;
Cooling breezes there have fped,
To play refreshing o'er thy head:
Thither, *Chloe*, let us fly,
Love, dear nymph, fould never die.

BALLAD.

BALLAD.

SUNG BY MRS. ILIFF,

AT THE ROYAL CIRCUS.

The Music composed by Mr. Saunderson.

I.

THE filmy-wing'd fly, deck'd in colours so gay,
Sail'd proud down the stream in its silken array;
To the river smart anglers their tackle would bring,
And the feather'd choir chanted the praises of Spring;
Springs juvenile garb did the meadows adorn,
When I and my Willy first met on the lawn;
He breath'd love and truth while I sat on his knee,
And sure ne'er were couple so happy as we.

II.

He courted me many and many a day,
Tho' affection repeated was all he could say;
That we lov'd one another most dearly, was plain,
Yet, tho' needless, we said so again and again.
He talk'd about wedlock, he'd make me his own,
And a gold ring he purchas'd at next market town,
Hands and hearts to unite which were form'd to agree;
And sure ne'er will be couple so happy as we!

BALLAD.

SUNG BY MR. DIGNUM.

Set to Music by Mr. Suet.

I.

THE eldest born of lovely Spring,
Primroses gay, were blowing ;
The feather'd choir their matins sing,
And silver streams were flowing ;
When trowser'd Jack sprang on the beach,
Alert and spruce as any,
And eager flew, the cot to reach,
Where dwelt his charming Fanny.

II.

Twelve tedious moons he'd counted o'er,
Now lively, now down-hearted,
Since from his much lov'd native shore,
And much lov'd girl, he'd parted ;
Had felt the dire Scirrocco blow,
Seen storms and battles many,
Brav'd Death, who lays the hero low,
But spar'd him for his Fanny.

III. He

III.

He twirl'd the pin—"Who's there?" she cry'd,
 In accents mildly winning;
 By instinct threw her wheel aside,
 And left to chance her spinning:
 "'Tis I."—Her lover's voice she knew,
 'Twas sweeter far than any!
 Like lightning to her arms he flew,
 And clasp'd his charming Fanny!

IV.

True Love's perplex'd with hopes and fears,
 Oft' ruffled like the ocean;
 But ah! it's joys out-tell it's cares,
 And transient's the commotion!
 Pale absence proves of love the test,
 And false it renders many,
 But Time ne'er told which lov'd the best,
 Her Jack or charming Fanny.

THE VILLAGE BARD:

A FRAGMENT.

BENEATH a spreading oak's umbrageous boughs;
 Whose leaves were rustled by the gentle wind,
 And round whose aged bark the green moss grows,
 The Village Bard was on his staff reclin'd,

His fullen eye was fix'd upon the earth;
 Anger with crimson hue his visage paints;
 Disgust to sour soliloquy gave birth;
 And thus, displeas'd, he vented his complaints;

" Why was I school'd by a too partial Sire?
 " Who fancied knowledge would not wealth impede;
 " Ah! why indulge my juvenile desire?
 " Why teach his offspring or to write or read?

" Inheritance, alas! he could not give,
 " Save the bequest of a poor lonely Shed;
 " Where he was fashion'd happily to live,
 " And I, the relic of his race, was bred.

" Toil should my hands have harden'd in the glen;
 " 'Mid clods I then had snatch'd unenvied Fame;
 " Industrious labour have destroy'd my pen,
 " And I had known of numbers but the name.

" Yet

" Yet I was blest'd, though homely was my fare :

" No anxious moment ever blurr'd my health ;

" Frugality and Study banish'd care——

" A heart at ease is a whole mine of wealth.

" When birth-day revels holidays decreed,

" My pipe I tun'd amid the village throng ;

" And though not skilfully I touch'd the reed,

" The hamlet listen'd to my rustic song.

" When plaintively I breath'd a Tale of Love,

" Or Colin's grief, or Daphne's proud disdain ;

" Or deep despair, that murmur'd through the grove,

" A pearly drop bedew'd the melting strain.

" Yet small avail'd the plaudits I acquir'd,

" My hopes down Disappointment's gulph were whirl'd ;

" When I to knowledge of Mankind aspir'd,

" I found I kenn'd too little of the World.

" A Dome was rear'd my humble roof anigh,

" Which seem'd to luxury of life afford :

" The edifice I view'd with anxious eye,

" And somehow wish'd to serve it's affluent Lord.

" Why crave a patronage from Pride to seek,

" Contumely 'll ever in it's train appear :

" Was riches given to depress the meek ?

" And Power, to make the peasant shed a tear ?

" Once

" Once it's proud master ask'd my humble lays;

" Though not sublimely did my numbers soar;

" 'Twas on his birth-day feast to gather praise—

" The theme, forgetfulness has made no more.

" Pleas'd, I consented: thought, poor simple swain!

" To be employ'd by one of noble birth,

" Would swell my praises o'er the distant plain;

" But power, alas! is seldom link'd to worth.

" Fear that my verses might not charm, depress'd,

" Disapprobation might have been their lot;

" But they were plauded by each generous guest;

" The guest departed—were the lays forgot.

" Why should the offic'd cur be not obey'd?

" When suppliant Virtue begs at Grandeur's door,

" Why should not *Hauteur's* banners be display'd?

" *He* scorn'd the verses—for the bard was poor.

" Slaves in abundance waited on his nod;

" (Such meanness ever let the bard disown;)

" They'd cringe and bow before their demi-god;

" Tho' fiends had forg'd the pigmy tyrant's crown.

" At awful distance Modesty must wait;

" Be Impudence alone by mortals priz'd;

" For Ignorance is cherish'd by the great,

" And unassuming Merit is despis'd.

" With

" With loathing eye I view'd the sculptur'd dome,

" Thought Fortune worthlessness regarded most ;

" Then turn'd *once* more towards my humble home,

" My hopes all blighted, and my wishes cross'd.

" Back to my cot I'll quickly then repair,

" Where kind attention will my lays adorn ;

" And sweet content in azure robe appear,

" And penury may dwell, unaw'd by scorn.

" But let not rancour in my bosom grow,

" With lash of satyr let me not assail ;

" If Pride but deigns to smoothe his haughty brow,

" Meek Poverty will soon forget to rail.

" I will not wish him Vice's many fears,

" Or Conscience' pangs, Health's pleasures to impair

" But as he journeys through the vale of years,

" Compunction meet him, 'ere he hugs *Despair*."

* * * * *

BALLAD.

FOND youth, ah ! why forsake these arms ?

Why, bright renown to gain,

Thy life thus risk 'mid War's alarms,

And stem the boisterous main ?

Love surely had enforc'd thy stay,

Had I been worth thy care ;

Then had my round of life been gay,

Now darken'd by despair.

N

But

But glory call'd, and Albion's foes
 Impell'd thee bid adieu;
 While my fraught heart, with thousand woes,
 Incessant throb'd for you.
 Nor think, my love, should'st thou thy breath
 Yield, 'mid the falling brave,
 Thy Kate would backward shrink from death,
 She'd clasp thee in the grave.

AN

EPISTLE

TO

PETER PINDAR.

HUMBLY RECOMMENDING NO BAD SUBJECT
 FOR HIS SATIRIC MUSE.

OH Peter! Peter! bold pindaric Peter!
 Thou God of verse, thou paragon of metre!
 Dear, dear satyric elf!
 To equal thee for ages may we roam,
 Wait 'till old Time trot post to his long home,
 Thou'rt far beyond past, present, and to come,
 Like only thy great self!!!

Pocr

Poor Cloten's boast might well to thee attatch,
 " A crowing Chanticleer that none can match."

The academic wights so felt thy lash,
 That they blasphem'd thy verse, nay, term'd it " trash !"
 Whil'ft on wing'd Pegasus you rode !
 Swore, " 'twas unkind, to swim their eyes in tears,
 " To make them kick, snort, wince, and shake their ears,
 " 'Twas cruel (Peter) by the living God !"

Thus others, impious, I've heard thee upbraid,
 (Speaking of ways and means,
 Per which a poet wight,
 By dint of industry, not right,
 The straggling ears of notice gleans),
 Poor grov'ling envious wretches !—Thus they've said,
 " How did pindaric Peter snatch a name,
 " Plunge into note, and buffet on to fame ?
 " By satire pregnant with contortions dire,
 " His verse perverted to a baneful use,
 " 'Twas *disappointment* gave poetic fire,
 " To four scurrility, and black abuse.

" Kicking up dusts in every neighbour's house ;
 " To transform fleas, or eternize a louse.
 " Laureats, or monarchs, would the chap bespatter ;
 " *In most unseemly fashion ;*
 " And thro' the nation,
 " Make myriads think, the devil was

matter,

N 2

" Cutting

"Cutting like two edg'd sword, with this same satire,
 "A baneful, busy creature!"

There's for you, Mister Peter!

Thus *they've* said:

But *I*, who thy majestic flights admire,

Have shook my head,

And term'd it nought but ignorance and ire.

Then the Reviewers—but, upon my soul,

If mercenaries, *I* the rogues despise!

To turn-pike critic never paid I toll,

Or gave a dinner for a feast of lies.

Thou'st seen, perhaps, at fairs, the clown's delight,

Where gaping youngsters view each wond'rous sight,

A huge Glumdalca in majestic maze,

Stalk the vast prodigy of vulgar gaze!

While on a ladder, perk'd up by her side,

Her pigmy lord mounts to salute his bride!

So 'tis with me;

Save, that I am not *wedded* to thy fame;

Yet, painfully,

I mount the Muses' ladder (rather lame!)

A *pigmy* Poet, to shake hands with thee!

I like thee Peter; con thee o'er and o'er,

Mow down thy pages, a rich harvest reap;

Nor e'en discard thee, should I chance to snore;

No, Peter's the companion of my sleep:

Full of thy verse sublime, thy fascinating themes,
 Thou'rt oft' the idol hero of my dreams.
 Thus, blest with indolence and fav'rite food,
 Hogs grunt their plaudits, on the yielding mud.

Thy amorous sonnets much, too, I admire !
 For 'gainst the passion vainly have I strove ;
 Felt oft' the raging heat of Cupid's fire,
 " And suffer'd much extremity from Love !"

Think not I joke, I've no such aim in view ;
 What, banter Peter ! spurn me if I do :

Sooner shall contrarieties agree,
 And Heaven-born Religion cease to be ;
 Sooner shall courtiers deem deceit a sin,
 Secede from office when they might stay in ;
 Sooner their pimps and toad-eaters discard,
 And give to modest merit due reward ;
 Moira, injustice sooner shall defend,
 And cease to prove the *honest* debtor's friend ;
 Sooner shall Counsel curse the Common-pleas—
 Crim-con—divorces—trials—briefs and fees ;
 Sooner shall Methodists forget their cant !
 And tap-room patriots their noisy rant ;
 Sooner sound sense an audience engage,
 And paltry puns be banished from the stage ;
 Sooner shall Erskine's eloquence decline,
 And proffer'd mitres stagger a divine ;
 Electioneering cease to take it's bribe ;
 And I to spurn the pettifogging tribe !

Thanks,

Thanks, courteous Muse ! who kindly guid'ft my pen,
 To wing its hatred 'gainft thofe worft of men.
 Who is it bars the grated prifon door,
 And fills our yawning dungeons with the poor ?
 Who is it ftels the heart 'gainft Pity's plea !
 Whofe putrid foul's the fink of infamy——
 The fever of vice—the refervoir of crimes——
 The bane of former—curfe of prefent times !
 A nuisance—peft—plague !—Tell me, if you can,
 Law's pettifogging Minions, fuch a man ?
 My choler riles at the very name,
 May fcorn and curfes blaft the brood to fame !

Apropos, Peter ! no time can be better,
 Than this to fpeak the purport of my letter :

I cannot boaft that keennefs in my rhyme,
 Thofe foaring flights, thy genius does command ;
 Therefore, my deareft Peter, if you've time,
 Let me entreat you take thefe rogues in hand :
 Stripe them feverely, make 'em fpin like tops,
 'Till myriads quit their bondage-forging fhops !
 Deal out thy lafhes with no fparing hand,
 But hunt thefe hordes of locufte from the land :

Thine be the task—my weak attempt were vain,
 The callous fiends would jeer my puerile ftrain :
 Thou, mighty Hercules, alone art able
 To purify that rank, augean ftable :

To

To goad the Hydra—boldly to engage
This prowling monster (by the good accurs'd);
War with the heart-devourer instant wage,
And make the many-headed tyrant bite the dust:

Thine be the task—for mercy make them kneel,
And cause those *groan*, who ne'er knew how to *feel*.

Arm'd in satyric mail, thy power they'll rue,
Shrivell'd like their own parchment 'fore the fire,
Thy damning proofs, shall bring their guilt to view,
And bid the period of their reign expire.

Do not opine, thou Aid-de-camp of Fame,
In thus beseeching, flattery's my aim
No, never be it said, by foe or friend,
I'd stoop to kiss e'en Phœbus' latter end:
And he (that I'm his meanest sub's my grief)
Tho' thou'rt his champion, commands in chief;
Then wage the war, quick rout the dæmon band,
Receive the blessings of a thankful land,
And happy make

Your Servant to command.

BALLAD.

BALLAD.

Composed by Mr. SHIED.

SUNG BY MRS. CLENDINING

In the Character of an

ARABIAN DAMSEL.

IN THE PANTOMIME OF HARLEQUIN'S TREASURE.

I.

MORN's jocund warblers waken day,
In happy concert swells each throat ;
Responsive echo mocks the lay,
And buoyant floats the liquid note.

Haste to Albion's happy isle,
Bask in beauty's cheering smile.
Let no dull bodings Hope destroy,
Life's pursuit is love and joy.

II.

If charm angelic you would seek
Refulgent beaming from the eye,
Hid in the dimple of a cheek,
Or blushing in vermillion dye :

Haste

Haste to Albion's fertile isle,
Bask in beauty's cheering smile,
Let no dull bodings Hope destroy,
Life's pursuit is love and joy.

III.

The friendly succour you supply
My grateful tongue will oft' retell;
And from my bosom heave a sigh,
As I pronounce the word—Farewell!

Haste to Albion's fertile isle,
Bask in beauty's cheering smile,
Let no dull bodings Hope destroy,
Life's pursuit is love and joy.

THE DRUMMER:

A BALLAD.

SUNG BY MRS. DAVIS,

AT THE ROYAL CIRCUS,

I.

WHEN, scarcely half a drumstick high,
A chubby boy in camp I lay,
The trumpets' clang was my lullaby,
And I chuckled at the tuneful fifer's play:
The music I heard bold impressions made,
And I lik'd its strains as I older grew:
And now I court each listening maid,
With the merry little drummer's rat, tat, too!

II.

As each village through our rounds we beat,
Or in quarters snug, or barracks lay,
With the trumpets' clang the girls we treat,
Or the tuneful fifer's roundelay.
No sturdy clown shall our rights invade,
Hey, damme! says I, fir, who are you?
So I sweetly court each listening maid,
With the merry little drummer's rat, tat, too!

III. When

III.

When dubb'd drum-major, as, I'll be bound
 Ere long will hap, how I'll roll it away,
 While the trumpets' clang shall breathe around,
 Or the tuneful fife's roundelay :
 Dress'd, powder'd, and spruce, I'll mount parade,
 While the lasses languish—Kate or Sue—
 For I long have pleas'd each listening maid,
 With the merry little drummer's rat, tat, too !

SEA BALLAD.

IN early youth to fear a stranger,
 Contemning indolence and ease,
 In Albion's cause I courted danger,
 And vent'rous plough'd the stormy seas :
 I dreaded not the cannons' thunder,
 Let bullets range their wonted scope,
 Or tempests split our bark afunder,
 The Tar's sheet-anchor still is hope.

The silver stream, with rapture swelling,
 Adown the channel proud we steer ;
 I pass'd Eliza's humble dwelling,
 And as we pass'd it, dropt a tear :

She wav'd her hand, three cheers were given,
Tho' bound afar, I scorn'd to droop,
For moor'd in calm Contentment's haven,
The Tar's sheet-anchor still is hope.

In hammock lull'd to sleep, or waking,
The mid-watch come, or slung the bowl,
Or signal guns, distress bespeaking,
Implore for aid, while tempests howl :
Or when the battles' heat is raging,
With force superior Britons cope ;
The mind to placid ease assuaging,
The Tar's sheet-anchor still is hope.

AIR.

SUNG BY MRS. ILIFF,

AT THE ROYAL CIRCUS.

THE modest Rose, with blushes glowing,
Opes it's perfum'd balmy breast ;
Rude winds its leafy covert blowing,
Rock but ne'er disturb its rest.

When Hope's downy wings surround me,
Opening joy they do impart,
And tho' Distrust may hover round me,
Love protects my constant heart.

SONG.

AIR.

SONG.

THE true-born Briton, when stern Fate
 With hostile power the world o'erawes,
 Girds on his faulchion, nobly great,
 To die, or conquer in his country's cause.

Then brandishes his spear and shield,
 While wond'ring nations smile applause,
 Nor till he gasps in death, will yield,
 But dies, or conquers in his country's cause.

May victory attend our arms!
 And glory ne'er to greet us pause,
 The heart which Amor Patria warms,
 Will nobly conquer in its country's cause.

III.

AIR.

(110)

AIR.

SUNG BY MRS. MOUNTAIN,

IN THE CHARACTER OF CUPID,

IN THE OPERA OF ORPHEUS AND EURIDICE,

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN.

I.

FROM dimpled youth to wrinkled age,
The hero, monarch, and the sage,
My rights divine allow!
And own a throbbing, tickling smart,
Which wantons in each mortal heart,
When Cupid bends the bow,

II.

The rustic swain, the village lass,
Who trip it lightly o'er the grass,
Oft feel they know not how;
And fondly gaze and faintly sigh,
And shame-fac'd blush they know not why,
When Cupid bends the bow.

III.

Great Jove, whom deities adore,
Has often yielded to my power,
And felt his bosom glow:
E'en Pluto 'gainst me vainly strove,
He willing owns the power of love,
When Cupid bends the bow.

THE
Way to get Un-Married.

A
DRAMATIC SKETCH.

AS PERFORMED WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL

COVENT GARDEN,

FOR THE FIRST TIME,

ON WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30th. 1796.

Way to get Un-Married.

A

DRAMATIC SKETCH.

AS PERFORMED WITH UNIVERSAL APPRAISE

AT THE THEATRE ROYAL

COVENT GARDEN.

FOR THE FIRST TIME.

on Wednesday, March 10th, 1850.

TO

Mr. QUICK,

FOR WHOSE BENEFIT

The following Bagatelle was originally produced,

IT IS INSCRIBED,

AS A TOKEN

(THOUGH A VERY TRIVIAL ONE)

OF THE HIGH RESPECT AND VENERATION

ENTERTAINED FOR HIM BY

HIS SINCERE FRIEND AND WELL-WISHER

THE AUTHOR.

CHARACTERS.

LUCKLESS,	- - - -	MR. KNIGHT.
JOHN,	- - - -	MR. TOWNSEND.
IRRITABLE,	- - - -	MR. DAVENPORT.
1st TRADESMAN,	- -	MR. HOLLAND.
2d Ditto,	- - - -	MR. ABBOT.
GLAZIER,	- - - -	MR. WILDE.
SHOEMAKER,	- - - -	MR. BLURTON.
SWEEP,	- - - -	MR. SIMMONDS.
AMELIA,	- - - -	MISS MANSELL.
GYMP,	- - - -	MRS. MARTYR.

THE WAY TO GET UN-MARRIED.

SCENE—AN APARTMENT.

Amelia discovered reading.

AMELIA.

“WHY did I marry?” aye, my Lord Townly, well may I, like you, ask myself that question! the conjugal happiness my fancy pictured was ideal; anticipation conjured up an angelic phantom, which as it approach’d me vanish’d! Sure this is my punishment for disobeying a kind uncle, in flying from his protection, to the precarious bliss of a Gretna Green marriage! Well, however his dissipation may ruin my fortune, or his cruelty rend my heart, I will bear all without a murmur, less miserable under a consciousness of my own rectitude.

GYMP (*without*).

Don’t tell me, I will speak to my mistress [*Enters*]. There she sits—mope, mope, mope; poring ’till she’s blind over her book, like a school-boy that ha’n’t got his lesson! Indeed and indeed, ma’am, you’ll really and bona *fryday* (as my master says), kill yourself, if you keep droning on so, in the dismals. You’ll never persuade me it’s right to always let a man have his own way; I tell you it’s spoiling him, ma’am.

P 2

AMELIA.

AMELIA.

No, no, child—he must, he will reform! 'Tis his companions who lead him thus inconsiderately away; I don't despair.

GYMP.

No, ma'am, but you're in the ready road to it; pluck up a spirit, ma'am, at once—such a one as I have—Feggs! a worm will turn when trod upon—I'd shew him what it was to have a wife: if he sulks'd, I'd look sour; if he storms'd, and raves'd, and blusters'd, I'd—I'd not so much as answer him.

AMELIA.

I never do, child.

GYMP.

But I'd make him ten times more mad by my silence; I'd conquer not by a word but a look—as thus—If that wou'd not do I'd rattle away as fast as *he* can, I warrant—fire for fire—and—

AMELIA.

Prithee leave me—I still shall reclaim him—he has understanding, and his heart—

GYMP.

Hang his head and his heart, ma'am, if they a'n't in the right place—Does he not pay more respect to the little hussle he has taken lodgings for at Kensington than—Well, I wonder how you bear it, for my part.

AMELIA.

Is John returned from seeking him?

GYMP.

GYMP.

Returned! la, ma'am—do you think he travels post like a state messenger? John, like the rest of us, is almost tir'd off his leggs—why we've less sleep in this house than an Innkeeper's Chamberlain: after hunting with master all day, it's very hard he should hunt after him all night.

AMELIA.

Pray leave me, Gyp.

GYMP.

Umph! Well, ma'am, with all my heart; and this is all the thanks I get for coming to console you; well, well, the next time I——[*Going, returns.*—I tell you what, ma'am, you're wrong to take matters so coolly—an't he always affronting you? and yet you before company *pal-livating* his misconduct! Yesterday's insult was no joke, I am sure! didn't he at dinner tell you, there was "a bone for you to pick," and tofs'd one at you across the table? Ecod! if he'd have serv'd me so, I'd ha' soon made him pretty picking! By jingo! I'd have pinn'd his ears to the table-cloth, with a three prong'd fork.

AMELIA.

Begone, Gyp, prithee don't torment me so.

GYMP.

I am gone! Torment, indeed! I wonder which has the greatest reason to complain of the two? If I was to mope myself another half hour with her, it wou'd absolutely give me the vapours—Umph! all wholesome advice is thrown away now a days.

[*Exit.*

AMELIA.

AMELIA.

How tedious is this suspense ! his absence keeps me on the rack ; every moment is pregnant with alarm !

Re-enter GYMP.

Ma'am, if you don't chuse to be tormented with my company you may have John's ; he's just come back loaded with what he calls my master's trophies.

AMELIA.

Trophies !

GYMP.

Yes, ma'am, a watchman's staff, two broken rattles and an old lanthorn ; but here's John to tell his own story.

[Exit.

Enter JOHN with staff, &c. and broken head.

AMELIA.

Mercy on us ! Well, John, where's your master ?

JOHN.

In full chase after the watchmen—I'd the view hollow myself, but didn't like to be in at the death.—Master's got the day tho' ; for I heard him half an acre off, bawling, Hark forward, my hearties, the day's our own, Victoria ! victoria !

AMELIA.

Inconsiderate man ! involving himself in nightly brawls, and—I hope your master is not hurt, John ?

JOHN.

I don't know, but I *am* ; he was in fine running order ; dash'd after them like a grey-hound ; never saw a man handle his fists so prettily !

AMELIA.

I am all uneasiness ! tell me, John, do you think—

JOHN.

No, I never does; then he squared so shewy! took every thing so cool! But, ecod! I'll go fet all squares in the kitchin, clap a brandy plaster to my napper, a slice of cold beef 'tween my grinders, and warm my stomach with a jug of flannel. [Exit.

AMELIA.

What wretched infatuation! Oh, Mr. Luckles! Mr. Luckles! the uneasy moments you have caused me! yet, before he persuaded me to elope, he appeared all prudence, tenderness and affection!

[*Noise of breaking windows, loud knocking, &c.*]

Heavens! there he is! I tremble at his approach. I hope Gyp has prepared his apartment; I'll step and see if it's ready for his reception, and if patience and forbearance can reclaim a husband, mine shall be exerted to their full extent. [Exit.

SCENE—THE PORTER'S LODGE.

Enter JOHN with a jug in his hand (loud knocking).

JOHN.

That's right, master, thunder away! I'll be shot if he don't unkennel every old hound in this street and the next. Shall I open the door? No, he'll make it start from the hinges of it's own accord in half a minute.

LUCKLESS (*singing without*).

"Wine cannot cure the pain I endure!" Damn the door, won't it give way?

JOHN.

JOHN.

No, but I will, or you'll give me something to remember you—ha, ha, ha! what a charming breeze he will kick up.

[Exit.

LUCKLESS. (*Loud knocking.*)

"Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open, and in despite I'll cram thee with more food!" [*Enters as having broke open the door with the Watchman's Staff*

Damme! but they'd nearly cramm'd me into a Watch-house and made me food for the hungry maw of a curs'd night constable! Where's that sneaking scoundrel John! he has no more spirit than a hare! left me, Alexander like, the whole world to conquer by myself—Bravo! the field's my own! But what have I got by the victory? a few nobs on the head-piece, my harness confoundedly tatter'd, and to pay all repairs to-morrow.—Watchmen! guardians of the night! ha! ha! ha!—decrepit invalids! damme! to much decayed for even garrison duty.

Enter GYMP.

Well, Gymp, you smiling rogue, here I am! Mark Anthony the second, and you're my Cleopatra, you little gypsey; as for Amelia, my wife—Pooh! wife! I hate the name on't, it's as nauseous as sick port, or muddy claret!

GYMP.

Hate the name! you ought to hate yourself for being such a brute, I'm sure.

LUCKLESS.

Indeed! why isn't it the fashion? Example's above precept

cept every hour of the day, and if choice company didn't render me a jolly fellow, I should be as dull a dog as ever was at fault—But no, life's the chace I pursue, and while there's a grain of sand left in my hour-glass, damme! if I don't run it out as merrily as the fleetest of them.

GYMP.

Yes, Sir, but you'll get tir'd at last. Pray let me advise you, you always said—

LUCKLESS.

Yes, I know I always said—but my head is so giddy, I've lost the recollection of it! my brains run on wheels already, and this girl's clatter will turn them.—Matrimony! Love borne on the wings of Zephyr to the shrine of Hymen! ha! ha! ha! that's a pretty picture!—But what if a brisk breeze springs up on the wedding day, and the honey moon's deform'd by thunder storms! why then sir swears, ma'am pipes her eye, and 'tis two to one but little Love is drown'd in tears, or bullied out of the window.

GYMP.

Sir, you're crazy—out of the window, indeed!

LUCKLESS.

Heigho! how to get un-married; that's the question! There is but little trouble in tying the knot, but your quizzes of the cloth draw it so damn'd tight, that none but your quizzes of the long-robe can untie it again.

[Exit.

GYMP.

I'm sure my poor dear mistress ought to wish it untied; well, if I'd bear it may I never sell another cast off, or

Q

tell

tell a fib again, and that would be the ruin of a chamber-maid.—Married! it's a great chance to get a good husband, I see; and your hasty matches generally end in repentance.

SONG.

I.

How eager from the lass in teens,
Who'll simper, sigh and falter;
To those who shine in bolder scenes,
To long to reach the altar!
But ere the honey moon is past,
They oft find they've miscarried;
Their fondness scarce it's wane will last,
They wish themselves un-married!

II.

In winter eve, the fire anear,
Behold the couple seated;
He snores—she, yawning, taps my dear,
And vows she's quite ill treated;
Lord! Mr. Dozey! what a drone!
I wish to wed we'd tarried!
And so do I, bone of my bone,
Or else we were un-married:

III.

'Tis long two months you know, my chuck,
Since first our vows were plighted—
Aye, much too long indeed, my duck,
In that we're both united;

I knew our tempers ne'er would suit,
Too far the joke we've carried;
You're quite a vixen—You're a Brute—
I wish we were un-married.

[Exit.]

SCENE—An Apartment with a Fire-screen in the
centre.—Table with Breakfast Apparatus; Ham, Tea,
Coffee, Muffins, Toast, &c.

[LUCKLESS and AMELIA discover'd seated.]

LUCKLESS.

Put more brandy in the next dish, my hand shakes.

AMELIA.

Do you imagine, my dear, that is a remedy?

LUCKLESS.

I can't tell—don't be troublesome—Damn the tea, you've
made it hot enough to scald one's lungs out.

AMELIA.

A little more cream, my love, will cool it.

LUCKLESS.

Cream! you milk-sop! hadn't you better feed me with
a pap-spoon at once! This muffin too! why it's burnt to a
cinder, and your biscuits, one might as well eat chopp'd
hay! (*She offers toast.*) What's that for? do you think I've
the appetite of a Cormorant?

AMELIA.

Indeed, Mr. Luckless, I only meant—

LUCKLESS.

Mischief—as most wives do, when they're so curst ob-
sequious—My dear—and my love—and my—fiddle-de-

dee—Zounds! I'd sooner hear the yelping of young curs by half.

AMELIA.

I have done, fir, and henceforward not a syllable shall escape my lips.

LUCKLESS.

That's pleasant! an agreeable tête-à-tête companion—must content myself with single handed conversation—colloquial soliloquy.

[Enter John.]

Well, old Clytus, what's the matter now?

JOHN.

Matter enough! why there's a whole kennel of barking creditors after you: I told them they were on the wrong scent, but it wouldn't do, they swore they'd hunt you down, and here come the rascally pack as good as their words.

LUCKLESS.

And in few words they shall all pack out again.

[Enter several Tradesmen.]

Well, mongrels, what do you want?

1st TRADESMAN.

Mongrels! why we want our money, you've fobb'd us off a long time, and we won't stand it any longer.

LUCKLESS.

Then take to your heels, rascals and run for it—Wasn't I in an excellent humour when I order'd your goods?

2nd TRADESMAN.

To be sure you were.

LUCKLESS.

Then wait, rascals, 'till I am in the same humour to pay
for

for them—I'm out of temper now, out of cash, out of credit, and damme if I don't bundle you out of the window.

GLAZIER.

With all my heart, if you pay my bill; there's twenty-five pounds for the glass you've broke already.

LUCKLESS.

Then clap a broken head into your charges, and thus we'll settle the reckoning.

[Takes the chair and drives them off, John assisting. Shoemaker shifts round to the other side of the Stage and remains.]

Bravo! my Hercules! well warded John, they're routed; we've broken their ranks—they fly, Victoria! victoria!

[Vapouring about turns and sees Shoemaker.]

Well, Mr. Wax-leather, what do you want?

SHOEMAKER.

To take your measure—you must tan my hide, or I must touch my money; it's a scarce article, and as with such Gemmen as you a man must have a little pegging, before he gets paid, I've taken a few lessons from Bob Breadbasket, and I'll lay five to four, I'll leather you out of it in half a second; come on, hammer away, you'll find my head as hard as a lap-stone.

[They square, Luckless is knock'd down.]

LUCKLESS.

Give me your hand, you're a tight fellow; John take him into the kitchen, treat him with a cool tankard, and pay his bill instantly.

SHOEMAKER.

Thank ye, master, I'm obliged often to get my money
this

this way—when I have taken the measure of a man's heels on long credit, I takes the measure of his head, like a good workman to complete the job. [Exit.

LUCKLESS (*throws himself into a chair.*)

Phew! my arms ach like an old farmer's with hard thrashing—S'death! I'm two thirds distracted! my money all gone—my senses half lost, and after putting a score or two of watchmen to the rout, to be so close cut by an old paring-knife—zounds! why an't those breakfast things taken away?

AMELIA.

Bless me, my love, those unmannerly people so confus'd and—I didn't know you had finish'd, my love——

LUCKLESS.

No, but you cou'd have seen that rawbone rascal finish me; must I fatigue myself? Well, if you won't remove 'em! I will.

[*Opens the Window and throws the things out.*]

AMELIA.

For Heaven's sake, sir!

[*Endeavours to prevent him.*]

LUCKLESS.

For your own sake, madam, stand out of the way.—There and there again—Ha, ha, there! —Tea, toast and muffins ready to pop into the first mouth that's open to receive them!

AMELIA.

For shame, Mr Luckless, when so many want the necessaries

necessaries of life, how can you thus wantonly waste it's superfluities?

LUCKLESS

Because, it's my supreme will—There and there again—
(*throws out ham, &c.*) and I wish we were as easily separated
as that ham, from the dish that held it.—

AMELIA.

Your wanton cruelty is scarcely endurable, and I almost
join fervently in your prayer.

LUCKLESS.

Then there are hopes we may agree at last—Heigho !
I'm tir'd of this confounded life, and if—

AMELIA.

Well you may, Mr. Luckless; and had you! the feel-
ings of a man, you wou'd not thus continually be plant-
ing daggers in the heart of one who sacrific'd all for your
happiness.

LUCKLESS.

The father of falsehood broach'd that assertion; he
brought about our union, and damme ! but I wish one of
his imps were present to witness our separation !

(*The fire-screen falls and discovers a Chimney-Sweeper.*)
Damme ! but the old gentleman has taken me at my word
—and now comes on my punishment. Where the devil did
you come from, above or below?

SWEEP.

From above, your honour—I was at work at the next
door chimney, and saw the nice things thrown out of the
window: a Jew ran away with the ham, I crawl'd down,
like

like a cat after cream, to see if there was a bit left for me to pick, for indeed I am very hungry.

IRRITABLE (*without.*)

Where is the villain? My niece shall leave him this instant.

LUCKLESS.

Zounds! her angry uncle on one side, and old Belzebub on the other—what will become of me? My impudence forsakes me—all's over!

Enter IRRITABLE.

IRRITABLE.

Well, fir, an't you a pretty fellow? What don't you deserve for your misconduct?

LUCKLESS.

What do I deserve——

IRRITABLE.

Zounds! a halter's too good for you.

LUCKLESS.

It is, I've tied one noose already, there's no occasion for another.

Enter GYMP.

There, Sir, you see you had better have taken my advice, ma'am's uncle won't see her wrong'd any longer. I've always had her good at heart and shan't be sorry how much you suffer.

IRRITABLE.

And I have taken proper measures you *shall* suffer.—
The wretch, like you, who marries but for lucre ought never to experience another smile from beauty, but be hunted down by society, 'till he's even become the scoff of
old

old maids and fusty batchelors, but I shall soon take my niece under my protection, and——

LUCKLESS.

I'm much obliged to you—just what I've been wishing for—Tell the Sheriff's Officers I'm ready. Stand out of the way, imp; if you've any message from my friend the old gentleman, damme! tell him I'm engaged and can't come!

[*Passes rudely by Sweep, and Exit.*]

AMELIA.

Poor, lost, abandon'd man!

IRRITABLE.

Lost, indeed! your exemplary conduct is worthy imitation, as during your husband's ill treatment every effort you exerted to reclaim him, which failing, the world must approve your seeking refuge in the wholesome and protecting laws of your country.—I will be your guide, and by their means convince you, that tho' you imprudently took the long rout to *Gretna Green* to get married, you will not be reprehensible in a trip to Doctors Commons as the shortest way to get Un-married.

old maids and silly bachelors, but I shall soon take my
place under my protection, and—

LUCKLESS.

I'm much obliged to you—just what I've been wishing
for—Tell the Sheriff's Officers I'm ready. Stand out of
the way, sir; if you've any message from my friends the old
gentleman, damme! tell him I'm engaged and can't come!
[Exit LUCKLESS by a side door.]

AMABEL.

Poor, lost, abandoned man!

TERESA.

Lost, indeed! your exemplary conduct is worthy imita-
tion as during your husband's ill treatment every effort
you exerted to restrain him, which falling the world must
approve your lasting refuge in the wholesome and pro-
tecting laws of your country—! will be your guide, and
by their means convincing you that the you imprudently
took the long road to the grave to get married, you
will not be reprehensible in a trip to Doctors Commons
the shortest way to get the marriage.

THE
VILLAGE DOCTOR,
A BURLETTA.

AS PERFORMED WITH UNIVERSAL APPLAUSE AT

JONES'S ROYAL CIRCUS,

ST. GEORGE'S FIELDS,

FOR THE FIRST TIME,

ON EASTER MONDAY, MARCH 25, 1796.

The Music selected and composed by Mr. SAUNDERSON.

THE
VILLAGE DOCTOR

A BURLETTA

AS PERFORMED WITH UNIVERSAL APPROBATION

JONES'S ROYAL CHURCH

BY GEORGE'S FATHER

FOR THE FIRST TIME

ON EASTER MONDAY, MARCH 22, 1792

The Manuscript selected and composed by Mr. BARNARD

TO
JAMES JONES, Esq.

As the Vehicle which re-introduced that Child of Nature

Mr. BLANCHARD,

(UNDER HIS AUSPICES)

TO A LONDON AUDIENCE;

And as a small Token of Esteem, Respect and Veneration,

The following Trifle is DEDICATED,

By his very humble Servant,

THE AUTHOR.

CHARACTERS.

JACK RATTLING, - - - MR. HELME.
EPHRAIM BROADBRIM, - - MR. BLANCHARD.
DR. BOLUS, - - - - MR. DAVIS.
PESTLE, - - - - - MR. PILBROW.
Mrs. BOLUS, - - - - - MRS. HENLEY.
POLLY, - - - - - MRS. ILIFF.

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.

SCENE—*A Sea View. Village at a Distance. Ship riding at Anchor.*

Enter Sailors and Jack Rattling from a Boat.

AIR—*Jack Rattling and Chorus.*

WELCOME, Old Albion, native shore !

Our storms and perils now are o'er ;

Hail England and my Poll !

In vain the stormy winds may blow,

No longer's heard the Yeo, yeo, yeo !

Or the shrilly boatswain's call.

With our lasses now so blithe and gay,

We'll the hornpipe foot, while the fiddles play,

Piping tol de rol de rol de riddle lol.

[*Exeunt Sailors.*]

Jack. Messmates, farewell ! I've gain'd the wish'd-for port,

Poll's cabin lays a-head, stretch canvas for't ;

I've weather'd since we parted many a gale—

Avast ! (*Going off, stops short.*) what lubber's yonder under sail ?

'Tis a queer fish !

Enter

Enter Ephraim Broadbrim.

Damme ! built lugger fashion !
Old one, what cheer ? [*Strikes him on the shoulder.*]

Eph. Avaunt, abomination !

I cannot tarry; stop me not, I pray!

Jack. Zounds! what's your haste?

Eph. Umph! 'tis my wedding-day.

My spirit waxeth warm ; I must be gone,

Mary, to make thee bone soon of my bone!

[In ejaculation.

Jack. Damme, a rival !

Eph. Yea, no friend I think thee.

Jack. Come to close quarters, then, and, zounds, I'll
sink ye! [*Puts himself in attitude.*]

Eph. Away, profane one, at thy threats I scoff;

My spirit moves me, yea, it moves me off! [*Exit.*]

Jack. That's right, young stiff-rump.—Damme! if you wed,

Cape Horn and Cuckold's Point a'n't far a-head.

I'll steer now to my Poll, love's fails are bent,

Old Care's capfiz'd, my cargo's now content.

SONG.

To Davy Jones old dad was gone,

And mother likewise dead,

When little I was left alone

To labour for my bread :

No matter, I ne'er pip'd my eye,

Thof care attack'd me fore,

But soon became a failor-boy,

And left all care on shore.

All

All danger did I smiling scorn,
 And swigg'd the flowing can,
 And prov'd myself, from stem to stern,
 A sailor and a man;
 To Indies East and West I sail'd,
 The line cross'd o'er and o'er,
 Ere on my native beach I hail'd
 My pretty Poll on shore.

We jugg'd it at a merry dance,
 And both dislik'd to part;
 My timbers stout may start by chance,
 But English oak's my heart.
 Then let but fortune cheery smile,
 And hand me gold galore,
 Why, all the sum of all my toil
 Is pretty Poll on shore. [Exit.

SCENE—*An Outside View of an Apothecary's Shop,*
"BOLUS, APOTHECARY," written over the Door.

Enter Pestle from the Shop, with Basket and Bottles of
Physic, &c.

Pes. (Reading a label.) "A healing draught!" Ha, ha!
 that's drolly said;
 Heal folks! No, no, that woud'n't suit our trade.

S

Enter

Enter Ephraim Broadbrim.

Ah ! Master Ephraim !

Eph. Friend, I'm hither come

To learn if Bolus tarrieth at home.

Tell me, I pray thee, where I may behold him ?

Pes. With Missus ; how you'd stare to hear her scold him !

You'll get your *dose* too—how her bells will chime !

Wo'n't you go in ?

Eph. Umph ! Yea—another time. [*Going, returns, whispers Pestle, and gives him Money.*]

Pes. Oh, yes, you'll in the shop lie snug and still

'Till he comes to you.

Eph. Verily, I will. [*Exit into Shop.*]

Pes. A queer curmudgeon ! he'll nab Poll, I fear,

Thof I should have her—

Enter Rattling, slaps him on the Shoulder.

Jack. Pestle, boy, what cheer ?

Where's my smart pinnace ?

Pes. Lord ! I shake all over !

She's for *his* shop, a damn'd tarpaulin lover ! [*Aside.*]

Jack. Is she within ?

Pes. Yes.—All my hopes are o'er ! [*To himself.*]

Jack. I'll to her. [*Going, is stopt by Pestle.*]

Pest. (*Goes to Door.*) Broadbrim, lock and bolt the door.

Jack. Hail my sweet Polly with a seaman's song—

Find out her bearings—

Eph.

Eph. Friend, thou'lt find thou'rt wrong.
[*As he is going towards the Door Ephraim pops out his Head, speaking the above, and then slaps the Door in his Face.*]

Jack. Avaft ! the foe made mafter of the fort !
No matter, they'll soon find me hard a-port ;
I'll fcale the walls ; damme ! a lucky thought !
I'm off ; like lightning up the fhrouds I go—
Larboard and ftarboard—Zounds, ftand clear below !

[*Exit, driving rudely paff Peflle.*]

Pes. Umph ! Well, I'll ftudy phyfic for love's plaifter,
Be foon as great a dab at it as mafter ;
Try conftitutions, blifter, bleed, and pill,
And make a fortune by the folks I kill.

SONG.

When a big wig'd cit,
So trim and neat,
Vending drugs I'll cut a dafh ;
No eye on fame,
But to bleed, my aim,
My patients of their cafh !
On profit bent,
Touch cent per cent
On each no cure that's done ;
But if on proof,
Short runs the ftuff,
Of him I'd drench, the hints enough,
I chin my cane, the bargain's off,
'Tis dot and carry one.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE—*The Doctor's Study.—Table with Breakfast Utensils.—A large Medicine Chest on one Side the Stage.—Cafe Bottle with a Label, on which is written BRANDY.*

Enter Doctor and Mrs. Bolus wrangling.

Dr. Was Galen e'er so phyfic'd by his rib !
Such a virago !

Mrs. That's a monstrous fib !

Dr. A damn'd corrosive !

Mrs. Me ! what's that you say ?
I'm sweet as syrup.

Dr. You will have your way.

Mrs. You wrong me, noodle (*boxes his ears*). Now
then to the point.

Hear me—

Dr. I can't, my ears are out of joint !

Mrs. For Polly I've a husband in my eye—

Dr. Our Quaker landlord ?—

Mrs. No, my sailor boy.

Dr. Pooh ! a mere drug—while Ephraim the upright—

Mrs. Yea—verily (*mimicking*) I hate the ugly fright !
A Quaking—canting—umph—such formal stuff—
An English tar's my choice, and that's enough !

DUET.

Mrs. Go, nostrum-monger ! from me pack,
I'll never brock your ruling will.

Dr. No nostrum, zounds ! can stop that clack,
No quieting draught make that tongue stand still !
Mrs.

Mrs. I surely acted most absurd,

When I to such a wretch was buckled.

Dr. Zounds, speak another crooked word!——

Mrs. Why, then, rams' horns! rams' horns! you
cuckold! [Exit.

Dr. S'death! what a jade! e'en physick can't unhinge her,
She's all cayanne—damme! a jar of ginger.

Oh Esculapius! (*kneeling*) patron of our trade,

Dear health-destroyer—I request thy aid—

The undertaker's purse my labour fills,

But, zounds! thou know'st my wife won't take my
pills.

I have it (*rises*), a strong sleeping draught I'll make,

Which, in disguise of brandy, she shall take;

Oh! here one is!

[Goes to Medicine Chest, takes out Case Bottle,
with this Label on it, "Sleeping Draught."

This dose wou'd soon make e'en Zantippe civil,

Or set a-snoaring, zounds! the very devil!

"Best brandy," (*takes off the former Label, and
places that from the Brandy Bottle on it.*)

ha! ha! that will tempt, I'm sure—

So strong the dose 'twill either kill or cure.

Soon stop her clack—S'death 'tis my lucky minute,

If she don't swallow this the devil's in it.

'Twill do the deed, you'll soon be quiet, wife,

Sleep sound for hours—I would it were for life;

Then

Then Ephraim marries Polly in a crack,
And ev'ry spouse will long to be a quack.

SONG.

(*Vide Welch Quack p. 66.*)

[*Exit.*

*SCENE—An Apartment at the Doctor's, with a Window
at the back.*

Enter Polly.

Rattling arriv'd! Lord, how my heart keeps beating;
I'm tasty tho' to give my lad the meeting;
As smart and jontee, and my waift as small
As when I lead the dance at our town hall.

AIR.

Poor dear swain! poor dear swain!
Where art thou wooing?
If love's language be the eye,
Plead again—nor in vain
You'll make this bosom heave a sigh.
Why so long an absent lover?
Deign to woo me—briskly sue me,
“Youth's the season form'd for joy.”

Enter Mrs. Bolus.

Polly. Oh! la! Mama——

Mrs. Miss Pert don't be so bold.

Polly.

Polly. You're tasty too—who'd think you were so old?

Mrs. Old! old! young hussy—didn't Dr. Blister

Take me, but t'other morning, for your sister?

The difference was so trifling in his mind.

Polly. La! but, mama, you know the Doctor's blind.

Mrs. Old, truly! I've scarce reach'd discretion's year.

Polly. Nor ever will.

Enter Rattling.

Jack.

Avast! is the coast clear?

Polly. Oh! lud!

Mrs. Dear me! la! when will wonders cease?

Jack. Don't wonder—Zooks! there's a salute apiece.

[*Kisses 'em.*]

Mrs. Wil't take refreshment?

Jack.

Ay, I'll wet my throttle.

Mrs. Step, Miss, and fetch your father's brandy bottle.

[*To Polly.*]

Polly. Brandy, mama?

Mrs. Yes, fly and fetch it, Miss.

Jack. Stop, and for ballast take another kiss.

[*Kisses again.*]

TRIO.

All. { Should old Care be so rude
On our joys to intrude
We'll receive him with glass, joke, or song,

Jack. With a kiss,

Polly. Or a smile,

Both. His ill-nature beguile,

Mrs. Or rattle him off with our tongue.

Jack.

Jack. I hold there's no blifs

Like a conjugal kiſs,

Polly. And a ſmile ne'er good-humour can lack;

Jack. Then let's kiſs,

Mrs. And let's quaff,

All. And all merrily laugh,

Mrs. Or ring care a peal with our clack.

With our click, click, click, clack, &c.

Polly. We'll laugh,

And we'll quaff,

All. And ring care a peal with our clack. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—*The Doctor's Study.*

Enter Ephraim cautiously.

Eph. My ſpirit moveth me to quickly marry,

And yea, too long, too long they make me tarry;

The maiden Mary ſtirreth up my heart;

She holds in bondage—yea—my better part!

SONG—TUNE, "*What can the matter be?*"

Verily, ah! how my heart keepeth bumping;

A pendulum 'gainſt my tough ribs loudly thumping;

Or a mouſe in a rat-trap that's to and fro jumping;

'Tis truth now, by yea and by nay!

And its umph, umph! what can the matter be?

Umph, umph! what can the matter be?

Mov'd by the ſpirit ſo, what can the matter be?

Ephraim, thou'rt going aſtray!

Yea,

Yea, marvellous 'twas, when mine eyes first went roving,
From meek sister Sarah towards vanity moving,
I found a profane one it was I was loving,

'Tis truth, &c.

'Twas folly's vain garment the maid smil'd so good in,
Yea, silk hose and pumps on the pavement she stood in,
Which stirr'd up my zeal as you'd stir up a pudding,

'Tis truth, &c

When I yea and nay ever pronounce to deceive her,
May I bow down my body or take off my beaver !
I would cherish the maiden for ever and ever ;

By yea and nay thus much I own !

And 'tis umph, umph ! what can the matter be ?

Umph, umph ! what can the matter be ?

I verily long to know what will the matter be

When she is bone of my bone. [Going.

Eph. The maiden cometh—Ephraim, what's thy plan ?

Umph ! how she stirreth up my inward man ?

What's here ? "Best Brandy !" Spirits have a charm !

Yea, I will taste thee (*Drinks.*), thou canst do no
harm. [Drinks again.

Enter Polly.

Ay, now I'll woo—Yea ! what fal lals are these ?

Thou must dress plainer maiden, if thou'dst please.

Y—a—h (*Yawns.*)—verily I love thee—love thee
much——

T

Polly.

Polly. Y—a—w (*Mimicks.*), yon make love, like Myn-heer, in High Dutch!

A sleepy sweetheart!

Eph. What—can—be—the—matter? [*Yawning.*]

Polly. When next you mix your liquor use more water.
You're surely tipsy!

Eph. Y—a—h—I can—not—speak—

My spirit's willing—but—the—flesh—is—weak!

Polly. Such drowsy eye-lids, like an old owl moping.

Eph. Yea—wou'd—I—had—two—props—to—keep—
them—open—

But—while—I—can—maiden—I'll—at—thee—
peep—

I'm—fetter'd—fast—by—love—I'm—fast—asleep!

[*Drops into Chair, and falls fast asleep.*]

Polly. Goles, here's a lover! 'tis a merry joke!

But, for the brandy bottle (*Ephraim yawns, and throwing out his hand knocks it down and breaks it.*)—
La! its broke!

Enter Mrs. Bolus.

Mrs. You careless huffy!

Polly. Mother, pray take care!

Asleep— [Pointing to Ephraim.

Mrs. Asleep! young Broadbrim? (*Slaps his face.*)
feggs, and so you are!

Enter Rattling.

Since caterwauling thus the rogue will roam,
Let's pack him up, direct, and send him home.

This

This medicine chest—help Jack—exact will suit—
Out with the poison, and put in the brute !

*[They take out Medicines, place them near the
Entrance on the Stage, and put Ephraim in
their Room, sitting upright in the Chest.]*

Ay, snore away.

Jack. Well stow'd, my lad, ne'er fear.
Mrs. So public! (*Snores aloud.*) hush! that for your
private ear! [*Pinches his ear, he groans.*]

Doctor without.

Dr. Here, Pestle! Pestle! where is Ephraim gone?

Jack. Avast, the doctor! [*Claps the lid on his head, &c.*]

Mrs. Stop, let me alone!

Him to torment you never found me loth;
To what I swear, then, children take your oath!
Hide hide, and when I want you both I'll call—

*[They go off, she hides behind the Lid of the
Box, holding it up. The Doctor enters, and
not perceiving them, tumbles over and breaks
the Bottles.]*

Dr. Zounds, what a crash! A pretty decent fall!

Whose job can this be? Hemp shall squeeze their
throattles;

My med'cine spilt! what's worse, I've broke my
bottles.

(Goes up to chest.) Ephraim! Oh, potion, lotion,
pill, and plaister!

My sleeping draught has brought on this disaster.

T 2

He

He would be tasting, vent'rous of his life :
Oh, lord, he's dead ! I would it were my wife !
Would she were tipsy with so strong a dram
Here on this spot.

Mrs. Well, rogue, and here I am !
[*Drops the lid, he starts, much alarmed.*

Dr. Oh, lord, all's over !—

Mrs. Yes, revenge takes place—
Doesn't the gallows stare you in the face ?
I'll swear you kill'd this queer-phizz'd formal blade.

Dr. Well, what o' that ? 'twas in the way of trade ;
And you've no witness—

Mrs. There you reckon short—
Rattling and Polly, both come into court !

Enter both.

If to their marriage, now, you don't consent—

Dr. Oh, lord ! you'd hang me !

Mrs. and Polly. Yes.

Dr. Well, I'm content.

Jack. Awaft ! the navy ne'er was falsehood's school ;
'Tan't on the log-book, matey—

Polly. Oh you fool !

Mrs. Consent, or for yon humdrum's death thou diest ;
There he lies stretch'd—

[*Ephraim throws up the lid of the Box.*

Eph. Yea, verily thou liest.

Dr. A miracle ! why surely 'tis deceiving !

Eph. Yea, I did taste thy drugs, and still am living—

[*Comes from the box.*

But

But, least thy nostrums should destroy me quite,
To save myself I'll lose my help-mate by't;
There, take thy daughter—

[Takes Polly, and gives her to Dr.]

Dr. From thy word dos't fly?

Eph. Yea, verily—*(yawns.)*

Jack. That, old one, will not I.

I've your consent, good cheer shall make us happy,
And if our friends but smile, now all are happy.

FINALE.

Dr. Come, wife, a buss, tho' I must own
I've sow'd for others reaping;
The draught a better deed had done,
To set your tongue a sleeping.
'Twas meant good humour to provoke,
If fast and sound I'd lock'd her,
My patients would enjoy the joke,
And ape the Village Doctor.

Chorus. 'Twas meant, &c.

Jack. Your kindness makes this pinnace mine,
Love's harbour lays before us;

Polly. With fond affection soon we'll join
In matrimonial chorus.

Dad meant good-humour to provoke,
If fast asleep he'd lock'd her,
His patients would enjoy the joke,
And ape the Village Doctor.

Mrs.

Mrs. In vain, old hubby, have you strove
Your lamb to be entrapping;

Eph. By yea and nay, in making love,
Alack! they found me napping.

'Twas meant good humour to provoke,

If fast asleep he'd lock'd her,

His patients would enjoy the joke,

And ape the Village Doctor.



LIST

OF

SUBSCRIBERS.

A.

ADRIAN, Mr.

Andrews, Mr. Sadlers Wells.

Aickin, Mr. Theatre Royal
Drury-lane.

Aldwin, Mr. 38, St. Paul's
Church-yard.

Abbot, Mr. Theatre Royal
Covent-Garden.

Andrews, Mr. Richard, Bank
of England.

B.

Bowley, Mr. Martlet-court.

Burton, Mr. Gate-str. Lin-
coln's-inn-fields, 2 copies.

Bayley, Mr. J. 16, Great
May's buildings.

Brown, Mr. Edward, Hol-
born.

Blake, Mrs. 36, Hertford-
str. Fitzroy-square.

Bolander, Miss Agnes, Mart-
let-court.

Baynes, Mr. G. Queen-str.
Bloomsbury.

Bromley, Mr. Surgeon
Smithfield-bars.

Browne, Mr. Fleet-street.

Bayne, Mr. John, Eastwick,
Herts.

Barnes, Mr. Theatre Royal
Covent-Garden.

Batt, Mr. Wm.

Bailey, Mr. Gracechurch-str.

Barret, G. L. Esq. manager
of the Theatre Plymouth-
dock.

Barnard, Mr. Robert, India-
house.

Barnard, Mr. Richard, Queen-
square.

Brown, Mr. Plymouth-dock.

Benson, Mr. Theatre Royal
Drury-Lane.

Bradshaw, Mr. John, Wap-
ping.

Boyce, S. jun. Esq.

Brown, Mr.

Barrett, Mr. Strand.

Barons,

- Barons, Denham, Esq. Vic-
tualling-office.
 Brown, Mr. Silver-str. Cheap-
side.
 Bishop, Mr. Post-office.
 Brown, Mr. Bank of England.
 Brandon, Mr. Theatre-Royal
Covent-Garden.
 Bannister, Mr. jun. Theatre
Royal Drury-Lane.
 Barrymore, Mr. do.
 Broadly, Mr. John, Bread-str.
hill.
 Burward, Mrs. Highgate.
 Barker, Mr. Henry, Castle-str.
Leicester-square.
 Bishop, John, Esq.
 Brown, Charles, Esq. Cle-
ment's inn.
 Bishop, Mrs.
 Bannister, Mr. Theatre Royal
Drury-Lane.
 Birch, Thomas, Esq. Gorton-
Brook, near Manchester.
 Bowden, Mr. Theatre-Royal
Covent-Garden.
- C.
- Claremont, Mr. Theatre-
Royal Covent-Garden.
 Crow, Mr. Long-acre.
 Cleaver, Mr. Drury-Lane.
 Connell, Mr. P. Cornwall.
 Chadwick, Mr. Cornhill.
 Collins, Mr. jun. Theatre,
Portsmouth, 6 copies.
 Cox, Mr. J. S. Bank.
 Cork, W. Esq.
 Caldwell, James, Esq. Flush-
ing, Cornwall.
- Cooke, Mr. Eltham.
 Chater, Mr.
 Chapman, Miss, Theatre.
Royal Covent-Garden.
 Clendining, Mrs. do.
 Collins, Mr. 66, Long-acre.
 Catherwood, Mr. Shuckle-
worth.
 Crippen, Mr. William,
Tower-str.
 Cartwright, Mr. Chelsea.
 Cage, Mr. C. Post-office.
 Cupelo, Mr. White-chapel.
 Chandler, Mr. Edward, Fleet-
street.
- D.
- Davenport, Mr. Theatre-
Royal Covent-Garden.
 Dight, Mr. Temple.
 Douglas, Mr. John, 7, Tot-
tenham-str.
 Downton, Mr. Wm. Theatre
Canterbury.
 Denman, Mr. Wm. do.
 Dyke, Mr. R. do.
 Dubois, Mr. Theatre-Royal
Drury-Lane.
 Dodd, Mr. do.
 Donaldson, Mr. Portsmouth,
6 copies.
 Dangerfield, Mr. Fleet-str.
 Davis, Mr. D. Cheapside.
 Dunnett, Mr. do.
 Derby, Mr. Chancery-lane.
- E.
- Evans, the Rev. Mr. Vicar of
Chipping Norton, 6 copies.
 Evans,

Evans, Mr. Fleet-str. 2 copies.
Edwin, Mr. Theatre-Royal
York.

F.

Follet, Mr. Theatre-Royal
Covent-Garden.
Farley, Mr. do.
Felix, Mr. J. 17, Spring-gar-
dens.
Fox, Mr. Brighton.
Freeman, Mrs. Norfolk-str.
2 copies.
Francis, Mr. Theatre-Royal
Covent-Garden.
Fell, Mr. High-holborn.
Fawcett, Mr. Theatre-Royal
Covent-Garden.
Findlay, Mr. do.
Fox, Mr. jun. Wardour-str.
Flower, Mr. St. Paul's Church-
yard.
Foote, Mr. Samuel, Theatre
Plymouth-dock.
Flower, Mr. Samuel James,
Martlet court.
Flower, Mr. George.

G.

Griffiths, Mr. Wm.
Gibson, Mr. Northampton.
Gilliland, Mr. Clerkenwell-
green.
Gray, Mr. Theatre-Royal
Covent-Garden.
Griffiths, Mr. Goodman's-
fields.
Groom, Mr. Fleet str.
Gardner, Mr. Theatre Can-
terbury.

Grove, J. Esq.
Grove, Mr. D. Villiers-street,
Strand.

Goodwin, Mr. Theatre-Royal
Covent-Garden.

Green, Captain.

Gibbs, Mrs. Theatre-Royal
Drury-Lane.

Griffiths, Mr. Thomas, jun.
Westminster.

Griffiths, Mr. William, West-
minster.

H.

Hook, Mr. New-inn.

Haymes, Mr. Theatre-Royal
Covent-Garden.

Helme, Mr. Sadlers-wells.

Handy, Mr. C. P.

Hendrick, Mr. Maiden-lane.

Hartley, Mr. Long-acre, 2
copies.

Harrold, Mr. Wrekin, Broad-
court.

Hook, Mr. Brydges, 6, Clare-
street.

Horne, Mr. Charles, 13, Duke
str. Lincoln's-inn-fields.

Henry, Mr. 101, Pall-mall.

Hopkins, Mr. St. James's-str.
6 copies.

Holman, Mr. Crown-str.

Harwood, Mrs. Caroline-str.
Bedford-square.

Holland, Mr. Joseph, 15,
Church-str. Soho.

Hodgings, Mr. Theatre-
Royal Covent-Garden.

Hoxland, Mr. Plymouth-dock.

Handy, Mr. Wm. Wapping.

U

Hea lop,

Heaflop, Mr. Richard, 5, Burr-
str. Wapping.

Hardinge, Mr.

Holland, Mr. Theatre-Royal
Covent-Garden.

Hughes, R. Esq. do.

Harley, Mr. do.

Holman, Mr. do.

Hill, Thos. Esq.

Harley, Mr. F. Callen.

Hewetson, Captain.

Hill, Mr. Theatre-Royal
Covent-Garden.

Hulke, Mr. Manly, Victual-
ling-office.

I.

Jones, Mr. Queen-str.

Ireland, Mr. W. H. S. Nor-
folk-str. 2 copies.

Incedon, Mr. Theatre-Royal
Covent-Garden.

Jackson, Mr. do.

Johnstone, Mr. do.

Jones, James, Esq. West-
square.

Jamefon, Mr. Long-acre.

Jones, Mr. J. Cheap-side.

Jones, Mr. Danl. Foster-lane.

K.

Keep, Mr. Bow-str.

Kipling, Mr.

Kemble, Mr. C. Theatre-
Royal Drury-lane.

Kidd, Mr.

King, Mr. Stafford-str. Bond-
street.

L.

Lisle, Mrs. Fleet-str.

Lee, Mr. Hart-str.

Lee, Mr. Theatre-Royal Co-
vent-Garden.

Le Serve, Miss, do.

Lee, Mr. Martlet-court.

Levy, Mr. S. Somerset-str.
Goodman's-fields.

Lonsdale, Mr. Theatre-
Royal Covent-Garden.

Levy, Mr. Jeremiah.

Litchfield, John, Esq.

Ledger, Mr. Theatre-Royal
Covent-Garden.

Logan Miss, do.

Langdon, Mr. Ludgate-hill.

M.

Mafon, Mr. Oxford-str. 2 co-
pies.

Munden, Mr. Theatre-Royal
Covent-Garden.

Masters, Mr. 22, Brunswick
str. 6 copies.

Middleton, Mr. Theatre-
Royal Covent-Garden.

M'Clary, Mr. 21, Old Bond-
street.

Morgan, Mr.

M'Koul, Mr. Queen-str.

M'Ready, Mr. Theatre-
Royal Covent-Garden.

Marshall, Mr. T. 5, Blooms-
bury-square.

Minton, Mr. 41, Minories.

Moore, Mr. East-India-house.

Martyr, Mrs. Theatre-Royal
Covent-Garden.

Mountain, Mrs. do.

Mattocks,

Mattocks, Mrs. Theatre-
Royal Covent-Garden.

Manly, Mr.

Mitchell, Mr. Coal-merchant,
Thames str.

Miles, Mr. Henry, Theatre-
Royal York.

Moseley, Mr. New-road
White-chapel.

Mathie, Mr. East-India-house.

Macklin, Mr. Poet's gallery,
Fleet-street.

Melvin, Mr. Theatre Canter-
bury.

N.

Norman, Mr. Sadlers-wells.

Neville, Mr. Victualling-of-
fice.

Norton, Mrs. Theatre-Royal
Covent-Garden.

Norton, Mr. J. P. Gen. Post-
office.

O.

Oldfield, Mr. Henry, Win-
chester-str.

Orme, Mr. Manchester.

Oliver, Mr. 17, Great Pres-
cott-str. Goodman's-fields.

P.

Powell, Mr. Wm. Theatre-
Royal Covent-Garden, 4
copies.

Pearson, Mr. J. Bank of Eng-
land, 4 copies.

Price, Mr. Theatre-Royal
Covent-Garden.

Prior, Mr. 42, Great-Russel
street.

U²

Palmer, Mr. John, Theatre-
Royal Drury-lane.

Payne, Mr. Wm. Musico.

Pope, Mr. Theatre-Royal
Covent-Garden.

Powell, Mr. 22, Southampton-
Buildings, 2 copies.

Phillips, Mr. Theatre-Royal
Covent-Garden.

Paterfon, Mr. Alexr. Fal-
mouth.

Parry, Mr. Roger, Islington.

Plaxton, Mr. Castle-str. Lei-
cester-square.

Phillips, Mr. Carnaby-market.

Potter, Mr.

Q.

Quick, Mr. Theatre-Royal
Covent-Garden.

R.

Russel, Mr. Theatre-Royal
Drury-Lane.

Richardson, Mr. Theatre-
Royal Covent-Garden.

Reeve, Mr. Wm. Islington.

Ratchford, Mr. Theatre-
Royal Covent-Garden.

Ross, Mr. Camden-green,

Rivers, Mrs. Theatre Ply-
mouth-dock.

Rose, Mr. Aycliffe-str. Good-
man's-fields.

Richards, Mr.

Rouken, Mr. Ely-str. Good-
man's-fields.

Rees, Mr. Theatre-Royal Co-
vent-Garden.

Robinson, Mrs.

Rowe,

- Rowe, Mr. George, 3, Fleet-
 street.
 Robinson, Mr. Essex-str.
 Strand.
 Sandell, Mr. N. Mid. Temple.
 Simpson, Mr. Theatre-Royal
 Covent-Garden.
 Street, Mr. do.
 Shultz, Mr. do.
 Simms, Mr. W. Custom-house,
 2 copies.
 Spiller, Mr. Rood-lane.
 Steel, Mr. Catharine-street,
 Strand.
 Suett, Mr. Theatre-Royal
 Drury-lane.
 Spofforth, Mr. Theatre-Royal
 Covent-Garden.
 Sarjeant, Mr. do.
 Smith, Mr. H. Sadlers-wells.
 Sloper, Mr. Theatre-Royal
 Covent-Garden.
 Shield, Wm. Esq. do.
 Skidmore, Mr. Holborn.
 Skidmore, Miss, do.
 Shatford, Mr. Manager of the
 Theatre Salisbury.
 Skipper, Mr. Wapping.
 Simpson, Mr. W. 48, Union-
 stairs.
 Street, Mr. Berkshire.
 Sedgwick, Mr. Theatre-Royal
 Drury-Lane.
 T.
 Tapsell, Mr. W. Little Queen-
 str. Lincoln's-inn-fields.
 Thornton, Mr. Manager
 Theatre-Royal Windsor.
 Tippet, James, Esq. Fal-
 mouth.
 Toms, Mr. Theatre-Royal
 Covent-Garden.
 Todd, Mr. W.
 Todd, Mr. Wm. D.
 Thomas, Mr. C. Bank of Eng-
 land.
 Tomkins, Mr. G. do.
 Tatnell, Miss. Highgate.
 Thompson, Mr. Benjamin,
 Kingston upon Hull.
 Tomkins, Mr. Edward, Bank
 of England.
 Trueman, Mr. Theatre-Royal
 Drury-Lane.
 Terry, Mr. S. Isleworth.
 Tinder, Mr. Silver-str.
 V.
 Vale, Miss, Fleet-str.
 Vale, Mr. sen. Walworth.
 Vale, Mr. Fleet-street.
 Vincent, Mr. Knightsbridge.
 Vincent, Mr.
 W.
 Willey, Mr. 36, Wellef-
 square.
 Waller, Mr. 80, Long-acre.
 Wild, Mr. Theatre-Royal
 Covent-Garden.
 Williamson, Mr. do.
 Warren, Mr. Lambeth-walk.
 Wolfe, Mr. Charing-cross.
 Wilkinson, Mr. Mary-le-bone
 street.
 Webb, Mr. Andrew, mer-
 chant, Tower-str.
 Watlington,

Watlington, Mrs. Grosvenor-street.

Wewitzer, Mr. Theatre-Royal Drury-Lane.

Wife, Mr. Wm. Gt. Queen-str.

Waugh, Mr. Aldersgate-str.

Williams, Mr. John, Comedian, Kent.

Wallis, Miss, Theatre-Royal Covent-Garden.

Waldron, Mr. jun. Theatre-Royal Hay-market.

Walpole, Mr. R. Gen. Post-office.

Wordsdale, Mr. Theatre Canterbury.

Wathen, Mr. Theatre-Royal Drury-Lane.

West, Mr. Dunstable.

Westwood, Mr. 36, Booth-str. Spital-fields.

Williams, Esq. Victualling-office.

Walmsley, W. Esq.

Walmsley, Mr. Rathbone-place.

Wendy, Mr. Wm. White-chapel.

Weston, Mr. 13, Hand-court.

Walcup, Miss, Theatre-Royal Covent-Garden.

Woodfall, Mr. jun.

Wightman, Mr.

Wells, Mr. Cornhill.

Wells, Mr. Wilmot, Manager of the Theatre-Royal Margate.

Wilkinson, Tate, Esq. Manager of the Theatre-Royal York.

Whittard, Mrs. Martlet-court.

Wilkins, Mr. Post-office.

Y.

Young, Mr. 9. Craven-buildings, 2 copies.

Young, Mrs. do.

[illegible]